

the Monster Times

WOULD YOU TAKE A FREE COPY
OF TMT FROM THIS APE? . . .

Well, a lot of people did during MT's June 27 Ape-In which you can read all about on Page 14. Our TMT-shirted orangutan caused quite a furor with many members of the Fun City population . . . so much so that rumors of a MONSTER TIMES fan club began blowing in the wind. But soft! . . . we can say no more! Except to whisper, "Stay tuned for further announcements . . ."

And, after you see what the our MT ape hath wrought, check out what the Wolfman, the Phantom, the Frank, the Draven, and Peter Cushing have been up to . . . all of which is contained within.

Monster
Times

GADZOOKS... IT'S GODZILLA

One guy who never fails to cause mad awe with a bang . . . and an atomic one at that . . . is GODZILLA. And starting this issue, the Big G will be making a regular appearance in these pages, offering his wit, wisdom, and weird opinions and establishing himself, as he himself puts it, as "the Rosa Barrett of Monsterville." Inside info, lively lire, and gossip galore will highlight this feature by the Crowned King of the Monsters. In fact, the big guy asked us to call him by his nickname, GOD, but we think that's going too far . . .

The World's
First
Newspaper
of Horror,
Sci-Fi
and
Fantasy



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the MONSTER TIMES

Volume 1, No. 14



PAGE 13

Well, you've got to hand it to us (otherwise we might never find it), we really scooped the biggies this time with our very own impromptu appearance at the Central Park Ape-In staged by 20th Century Fox's puzzled Publicity Dept., to herald the arrival of their latest Ape epic, CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES. Unbeknownst to Fox's Publicity crew, a party crasher in the person of our own Jason Roberts, clad in an authentic gorilla get-up that Kong himself would be proud of, and a TMT T-Shirt, showed up to show their unenthused apes how a superhuman should conduct them. The full fascinating story of MT'S CONQUEST OF THE CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES—along with an in-depth look at the film itself—is contained inside, with plenty of action photos from MT's crafty camera crew.

Also on hand, or should "we" (i.e., my imaginary companion & I) say "claw," is a complete filmbook of Universal's 1941 lycanthropic classic, THE WOLFMAN, Dave Andrews increases this fiendish film with relish—and a little ketchup (or is that real blood?) on the side. An exclusive MT talk with horror star Peter Cushing can also be found within, as Peter tells his fans the strange story behind his involvement in the E.C.-based flick TALES FROM THE CRYPT.

Word To The Wise-Guy Dept: You probably think we made a mistake, huh? I mean, you noticed that this issue is a week late in coming out, right? Well, you're right about that, but if you attribute this lame-brained fact to our laziness or ineptitude, you would be wrong about that. We are lazy and inept, but that ain't the reason we're late with this issue. The reason is we took a little vacation for ourselves, combining business with pleasure by taking a trip to Japan to open negotiations with the Crowned King of Monsters himself: Godzilla. We wanted the Big G. to start writing a regular column for us and, after a little begging, cajoling, and money up front, he agreed. You might be mad at us now, but one day, after reading the King's column, you'll thank us for this.

Joe

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An evil moon plays Wolfman Tag and Larry Talbot's "K"
in this complete MT treatment devoted to the 1941 Universal classic.

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OEG ARE ALIVE in this highly divisive burial of 2 late but not great flicks.



Larry Wolf wishes to thank himself for his fine, forthcoming rendition
of this most clever of Los Chemoy, Jr. as he appeared in all his gay glory
in Universal's classic, THE WOLF MAN. Thank me.

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*Even a man who is pure in heart
and says his prayers by night,
may become a wolf
when the wolfbane blooms
and the autumn moon is bright.*

WELCOME HOME

AN OPENED-top sports car dashes through an old wooded road leading into West back country. The driver, an elderly man, serves as both for the Talbot Estate moves closer to the passenger's side and proudly states, "Talbot Castle, Mr. Larry." Larry Talbot (LON CHANEY) smiles as the car nears the grounds.

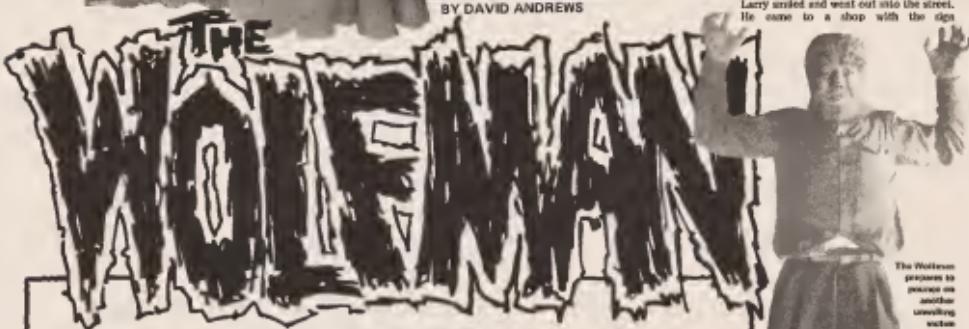
A short time later Larry enters the large brick home to find his father, Sir John (CLAUDE RAINS), welcome him home. In the study, however, he sees with Sir John introduces him as Paul Morefield (RALPH BELLAMY) and Larry immediately recognizes him as his old friend from years past. Morefield smiles, telling him he just dropped by to welcome him home. After Morefield leaves, Larry is amazed to find out his friend has become a police man, holding the rank of Captain at that.

Larry faces a large picture that hangs on the wall, looks up at it and says, "Paul... I'm sorry about John." Sir John replies, "Your brother's death was a blow to all of us." Larry admits that he didn't come simply because of his brother's death, that he had kept up on the news of his father's contributions to science. Sir John proclaims that, though he had been strict with his son in the past, now they would be able to get along.

CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF

Larry helped his pal put a large telescope together and, finding it worked properly, Sir John left Larry watching the country sights from the gigantic instrument. He focuses it on a darkened window and a beautiful young woman (EVELYN ANKERS) holding a pair of earnings. Larry smiled and went out into the street. He came to a shop with the sign

BY DAVID ANDREWS



Who can ever forget those prophetic words? Whether they were written, as some say, by an anonymous gypsy folk poet, or by some hack writer at Universal Studios—what matter who composed them first? The important thing is the fact that the poem has struck terror into the fast-beating hearts of horror fans everywhere and nowhere were these words brought to more chilling life than in Universal's classic *THE WOLFMAN*, the film that launched Lon Chaney Jr. into the highest reaches of horror film stardom. And here now to give you an in-depth, bite-by-bite recreation of that unforgettable flick is David Andrews—who suggests, by the way, that you read it, if at all humanly possible, under the eerie light of the next full moon... Beats candlelight for atmosphere any night in the week.

Soon after making his first two horror films, *ONE MILLION B.C.* and *MAN MADE MONSTER*, Lon Chaney Jr. starred in *THE WOLFMAN*, a film destined to make him the new box-office star of several great Universal Pictures. Repeating the Wolfman part in *FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLFMAN*, *THE HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN*, *THE HOUSE OF ORACULA* and *ABOTT AND COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN*, it has become something of a classic along with *FRANKENSTEIN* and *ORACULA*.

Larry Talbot	LON CHANEY JR.
Sir John Talbot	CLAUDE RAINS
George Clegg	JOHN ANCHORS
Paul Morefield	RALPH BELLAMY
Dr. Lloyd	WARREN WILLIAM
Jenny Williams	PAT HILM
Melvyn	MARIA OUSPENSKAYA
Frank Andrews	PATRIC KNOWLES
Sam	BELA LUGOSI

The Wolfman prepares to eat another unwilling victim as his unscrupulous bloodthirsty hounds hem him off. Moody set of grisly murder.

GONLIFFE'S ANTIQUE SHOP painted over the window and went in. Inside, the same young woman was behind the counter. Larry smiled and walked up to her.

Larry's eyes caught a group of canes and he said he might have one of them. Each one she showed him didn't interest him until he found one with a silver-headed wolf mounted on top with a strange mark, a pentagram. Larry was mystified by the strange symbol and asked her what it meant. She told him it was the sign of the werewolf, "a human being who at certain times of the year changes into a wolf." The girl then quoted an old poem, "Every man who is pure in heart and says his beads by night may become a wolf when the wolfbane blooms and the autumn moon is bright." The pentagram, she explained, was a message every werewolf sets in the palm of his next victim's hands. Larry bought the cane but first he asked her for a date to go have their fortunes told by some gypsies they had seen come into town.

In front of Gonliffe's shop later that night, Larry met Gwen. A check for had set in and the moon was nearly full. Gwen, easily frightened by the eerie surroundings, was startled by Larry's approach. Gwen asked someone else to come out of the shop and another girl about her age introduced as Jenny Williams (FAY HELLM) appeared. Gwen told her that Jenny wanted to have her fortune told too and would go along with them.

A short time later the three came into a clearing, covered by an impenetrable fog and sinister mists shrouding in the night. Jenny noticed wolfbane growing and quoted the poem pertaining to the werewolf legend in the same manner as Larry had heard before. Gwen laughed and told him everyone in the village knew about werewolves and many even believed in their existence.

At the camp they got a quick glimpse of an old woman (MARIA OUSPENSKAYA), the mother of Beta (BELA LUGOSI), the gypsy who was to tell their fortunes. Beta (BELA LUGOSI) came out of a tent to face the trio. Jenny went in first while Larry and Gwen went off for a little stroll. In the woods, Larry showed his feelings for Gwen but she told him she was already promised to another man and that there would never be any place according to the near future. She did feel something for Larry and experienced a little twinge of guilt at being with him instead of her fiancé.



Unbeknownst to him, Larry is about to purchase the instrument of his ultimate doom—a silver-headed cane known for its ability for robbing the world of wolfmen just like the one he is poised to become.

a werewolf? He turned suddenly in panic, fear showing clearly on his face. Beta told her there was nothing more he could tell her tonight, that she should come back tomorrow. She asked him, "What do you see, something big?" The tyro tried to pretend nothing was wrong and told her to go quickly. Jenny ran off into the woods, terrified. Beta the gypsy meanwhile fell to the ground in tears, not wanting the terrible ordeal to occur again but being powerless to prevent it.

Moments later a large, raving mad wolf charged into the woods from a street path down the draw. Without thinking on the momentous beast leaped at her and plunged its teeth into her neck. Further off, Larry and Gwen heard the cries and Larry became alarmed at the frightening sound. Hearing the screams of Jenny, Larry, despite Gwen's pleas, rushed after her. Larry found Jenny as the wolf was drawing blood from the hapless victim. Larry sat at the head, rolling over on top of it. Larry found determination to take a mouthful with his bare hands. The wolf struggled and managed to get its teeth into Larry's chest as they struggled. Grabbing his silver-headed cane, Larry pounded the end on the wolf over and over until the creature finally gave up and slumped dead to the ground. Larry

moved away but fell a few feet from the spot, weak and badly injured from his nightmarish battle with the werewolf.

Captain Montford, Dr. Lloyd and Sir John Talbot confront Larry with the silver-headed cane found at the site of Beta's murder. Despite the rational words of reassurance from Sir John and others, Larry slowly becomes convinced that he is the next fated victim of the *Curse of the Diamond*. . . . The werewolf!



Beta the Gypsy (played by Bela Lugosi) has a secret to reveal. She knows that he will soon become a human again. Her hypothesis is the person of the newly arrived Larry Talbot.

Inside the gypsy tent, Jenny awoke in a panic, "Yours hands, please." In the palms of her hand, and visible only to her, Beta saw the pentagram which meant he would kill her as his next victim. The gypsy was



STRANGE DISCOVERY!

Gwen found Larry on the ground, his clothes torn and bloody. Weekly, he told her he had been bitten by a wolf, and as she ran off for help, the old gypsy woman, Maleva, came slowly by in a wagon. Together they brought Larry back to the Talbot Estate. Sir John and Montford saw Larry being brought in and asked what had happened. Gwen told them he had been bitten by a wolf. Sir John replied that there hadn't been wolves around those parts for years and Capt. Montford noted where it had taken place. Maleva mysteriously disappeared and a village came in with news that Jenny Williams had just been found murdered by a wild animal out by the gypsy camp, her throat torn open. Capt. Montford, alarmed by the news, asked the man to show him and they went out into the night to investigate the grisly murder.

Out in the marsh, Capt. Montford and a group of others assembled around the spot where Jenny had been killed. Montford commented that she had been mauled by some large animal. Dr. Lloyd (WARREN WILLIAMS) confirmed it, saying, "A regular was severed by the bite of powerful teeth." Suddenly Frank Andrews (PATRICK KNOWLES), Gwen's fiance, called from a short distance away that he had made a discovery. Capt. Montford and the doctor went over and saw a body lying dead on the ground by a tree. Dr. Lloyd said the skin had been stripped from the bones of a sharp instrument. One of the party noticed Beta's feet were bare but he was otherwise fully dressed. They found the silver-headed cane Larry had used to kill the wolf and discovered that the tracks leading up to him were those of a wolf.

The following morning there were a series of loud knocks at Larry's door. He opened it to find Sir John, Capt. Montford and Dr. Lloyd. They showed their canes and Larry admitted he had a rough time the night before but that he was feeling better now. They asked him if the silver-headed cane was his. Larry admitted it was and Sir John told him his cane was found by the body of Beta the gypsy, killed near the place where Jenny Williams was found.

Larry told them that he had only seen a wolf once in his life but the animal he was given by the beast no longer existed. Lloyd and Montford left with Sir John's promise to join them shortly. Larry was terribly upset and said, "They're treating me like I was crazy!" On that unhappy note Larry's father left to join the others downstairs.

THE DEADLY TRUTH!

In the large living room on the first floor, Sir John returned to his guests. Capt. Montford spoke, "I'm not accusing



Larry and Maleva, the gypsy woman seems to be sharing the same secret. The waves of the mysterious mounds they are perched on prevent . . .



Opposite: *The Wolfman* strikes... the time the town gravedigger is his victim.

sum of foul play, Sir John, but after all two people are dead and I am chief constable," Dr. Lloyd said he didn't have to make a big mystery out of it, though they all knew the incident was precisely that. Sir John, however, explained it all in his usual calm, reasonable, sensible style. "There's a very simple explanation: a dog or a wolf attacked the townsmen there this morning. When the need for help Larry and Bela went to her rescue. It was dark and in the excitement and confusion the gypsy was killed." Dr. Lloyd suggested that the reason Bela had no shoes was because the panic gave him no time to put them on. Capt. Mordred was, however, persistent and asked about the wound. Sir John replied that Larry probably wasn't actually bitten but simply assumed he had been since the wolf had torn his clothes to shreds. Capt. Mordred then saw the blood stained on his shirt, saying that a wolf surely couldn't heal overnight. Dr. Lloyd answered that the case was that the patient was mentally disturbed and that the shock had done it.

In the afternoon a wagon carrying Bela's coffin passed slowly through town. Larry saw it and followed its trail from the street walls, despite trouble with the dogs and the fact the wolf still seemed to wander if it really wanted him. The wagon stopped at the cemetery and several men carried the coffin into the crypt, setting it down on a large narrow table. Soon after they departed, Larry

emerged into the surroundings and neared the coffin. Hearing the sound of voices, Larry backed around a side so no one would see him. Maleva and a priest walked into the crypt. The priest complained that they were all going to hold a celebration over Bela's death and that this was disrespectful to the dead. Maleva said, "For a thousand years we gypsies have burned our dead like that. I couldn't break the custom even if I wanted to." The priest gasped up, saying, "Working against the customs like that is fighting against Satan himself," and left the crypt.

As Larry continued his watch, the old gypsy woman lifted the front part of the coffin so that only Bela's head could be viewed and started saying a strange death chant. "The way you walked was therm, through no fault of your own. But as the rain enters the soil, the river enters the ocean, so to speak, Bela, you're dead. Your suffering is over, Bela my son. Now you will find peace." The gypsy woman closed the lid once more and walked sadly away. Larry watched her leave and



"Then I'll see to it that you CAN'T get out!" Sir John tells his distraught son as he binds him to a Talbot Coach chair. "Now you'll see that this evil thing you've acquired up is only in the mind." Utterly words were never spoken. With rage, fear and blood reddened eyes, Larry Talbot roars the woods in search of fresh victims.

the wolf was Bela. Maleva told him, "Bela became a wolf and you killed him. A werewolf or a silver knife or a stick with a silver handle." Larry thought she was going crazy and stated strongly that he had only killed a plain, ordinary wolf. The woman told Larry to take a charm which she had made of dried roots of plants to protect him from the evil spell. Larry was almost frantic by this time, laughing it off as nonsense. Before he could leave, however, Maleva told him an alarming piece of news: "Whosoever is bitten by a werewolf and lives becomes a werewolf himself." Larry confessed he had been bitten and Maleva said, "Wear this charm over your heart always." Maleva asked him to show her the wound. Reluctantly, he unbuttoned his shirt and revealed his chest. There where once the wound had been was the sign of the werewolf, a pentagram shaped from the scars.

BIRTH OF A MONSTER!

Farther down in the camp Larry met Gwen, and asked what had happened to Frank. "Oh, we had a quarrel," she replied. Larry offered to take her home. As they walked a ways, Gwen noticed the charms he had been given by the gypsy woman. Larry explained that he had

gotten it from Maleva. Gwen asked to get a better look and discovered it to be a pentagram. "Yes," Larry replied. "She said that I was a werewolf." Gwen was startled and said that he really couldn't believe that. Larry was saddened and offreated her the charm for protection—against himself. She didn't want to take it but Larry insisted and said, "Just in case."

Suddenly Larry noticed that the gypsy camp was breaking up and all the people were getting into wagons and leaving. Larry asked a nearby gypsy what was wrong and the man said, "There's a werewolf in camp," departing quickly with the others.

Larry's fears exploded in nightmarish waves of terror. When he regained control of himself he again entered his bedroom. He took his shirt off to reveal only his bare torso and looked in a full-scale mirror, panic and horror flooding his eyes. He took a seat and peeled off his shoes and socks. Outside the night's full moon burned bright with a sinister glow of impending evil.

Suddenly the three happened, the transformation overtakes Larry as he begins to change from man to beast! Hair sprang out of his legs, his nails became the claws of a wolf. In only moments, he had become a werewolf! Out in the

Continued
on page 29

Off into the full moon night once more... to snuff out any and all human prey.



suddenly wept violent tears at the thought that he might have killed Bela without knowing it.

Later that afternoon the gypsy camp held their resumption rituals. Villagers from all over came to the big celebration, as gay gypsy music played in the background. Frank and Gwen walked through the crowds, enjoying the sights and sounds until they reached Larry. Frank offered to meet him to show he wasn't jealous, and they found Larry near a wagon where a rifle-and-target game had been set up. Frank asked a gypsy for two guns and Larry took the first shot at the targets. The first one hit perfectly. The next target was a wolf and Larry was suddenly and violently affected by the sight. Frank jokingly told him to get it before it bit him and Larry missed by a wide margin. Frank shot next and hit the wolf dead. Larry was shocked and Frank asked him if he'd care to go another round and Larry said he wouldn't, choosing to leave instead by way of some brush that covered him from view. Sir John told a companion, "He's unstable. The long trip, that unfortunate accident the other night."

Maleva ran into Larry on his walk home. She said something rather surprising to him: "You've been a terrible curse." "Oh, I remember you," Larry replied. "That night—and in the crypt!" Inside her tent, Maleva told him he killed the wolf. Larry said there was no curse in that, but she informed him that

For years without number comicdom's The PHANTOM has been belling the "evil elements" of "Bengal" from the wrong side of the political fence. We at TMT feel that it is high time that this imperialist Wolf in Superhero's Clothing be exposed for what he is; which is, in the words of our narrator, "a mercenary running-dog lackey with license to kill." Our author, Ms. M.J. "Blowemup" Westerperson is actually the pseudonym of an outspoken MT contributor (Dean Latimer) who, in view of possible reprisals, wishes to remain anonymous. We have every intention, then, of honoring Mr. -Latimer's request.

Can you imagine, sisters and brothers, a white male operating secretly in the jungles of some Third World country, armed with weapons superior to the technologically-deprived peoples of that area, garbed in some neo-Fascist uniform that conceals his "identity," perpetuating a hoax that has been maliciously maintained for nearly four hundred years? Now what does that sound like, to anyone with the most meagre grasp of historical politics? Racist capitalist pig imperialist exploitation, that's what it sounds like, right? Well, sisters and brothers we now have an opportunity, thanks to the Nostalgia Press, to investigate one of the most blatant and backhanded instances of imperialist oppression ever set down in black and white: THE PHANTOM, number three in *Nostalgia Press'* series called "THE GOLDEN AGE OF COMICS".

More specifically, the volume under consideration here comprises one so-called "adventure" of the Phantom, titled "The Prisoner Of The Himalaya," which ran daily in many American newspapers in 1938. As scripted by

The repulsive mess
gone by the master of The Phantom.
In actuality, he's the last in the line
of a whole bunch of imperialistic perverts.
Gorgeous, aren't they?



THE HISTORY
OF THE
PHANTOM



THE PHANTOM made its comic debut as a daily newspaper strip in February 1939, then added a Sunday strip later that year. Writer Lee Falk originally conceived his hero as a millionaire playboy who would don costume and fight gangsters and mucketeers at night. This was successfully utilized in the later Batman strip by Bob Kane.

Falk, however, found a better method. Why not make the Phantom the last in a long line of justice fighters waging an unrelenting war against the underground? This genuinely original idea made the Phantom more legend than man. The people called him, "The Ghost Who Walks".

Like all legendary figures he has a symbol: "the sign of the skull," whose simple motion strikes fear into evildoers the world over. His base of operation is the Bengal region of India, and aided by Garan, the pygmy and Devil, the wolf, he fights for right and justice. Like all humans, however, he has romance problems, continually searching for the elusive Diana Palmer, his fiancee.

THE MONSTER TIMES

by Ms. M.J. "Blowemup" Westerperson

PEOPLE'S JUSTICE DEPT. PRESENTS THE CASE AGAINST THE PHANTOM



"Propagandist" LEE FALK

one Lee Falk and drawn by a certain Ray Moore—both of them male, of course, and white—this little "adventure" certainly serves as a set piece in the literature of White European Oppression of Third World Peoples. All the conventional racist imperialist stereotypes are in evidence here, and the repressive processes of colonialist exploitation are outlined in grim clarity; and needless to say, the so-called "hero" is a male chauvinist pig supreme, and no apologies are presented for his unspeakable behaviour, either toward the poor women he subjects to his rabid macho demonisation, nor to the Third World people he oppresses—under



"Chauvinist" RAY MOORE

the flimsy guise of 'protecting' them, of course! Yes, as presented by his creator Lee Falk, the Phantom loudly and incessantly proclaims his professed concern for the people of an Oriental country called 'Bengal'—obviously India. 'Anything that happens in Barogar (the capital of "Bengal") endangers my people,' he says at one point in the book. What he means, of course, is that, 'Anything that happens in Barogar without my consent and participation endangers my control over the people.' It can easily be shown from this book that the Phantom really cares not one bit about The People of 'Bengal,' but about their foreign imperialist mercantile exploiters in Great Britain, for whom he is obviously a mercenary running dog lackey with license to kill.

First of all, let us consider the Phantom's historical role in Bengal, as perceived at the beginning of the book by Falk and Moore. 'Four hundred years ago,' they explain, 'a man was washed up on a remote Bengal shore. He had seen his father killed and his ship scuttled by Singh pirates. He swore an oath (of revenge) on the skull of his father's murderer. He was the first Phantom, and the eldest male (my italics) of each succeeding generation of his family carried on. As the unbroken line continued through the centuries, the Orient believed it was always the same man.'

ORIGINS OF OPPRESSION

Now let us all consider all this in the light of historical reality, stripped of the effete chauvinist romanticism with which we have been culturally programmed to consider such myths. 'Four hundred years ago': not a half-century had passed after Vasco da Gama circumnavigated Africa in 1488, then the pirate-nations of every European country were devastating the coasts of East Africa, Arabia, and India. Civilisations older than Rome were being systematically destroyed by the likes of da Gama, Almeida, and



REACHING THE ROOF, THE PHANTOM SEES TWO GUARDS AIMING AT HIM. INSTANTLY HE DIVES INTO THE AIR—



THE MOMENTUM OF HIS SWING CARRIES HIM TO THE TOP OF THE OUTER WALLS —



AND FROM THE WALL, A SHORT JUMP -- OUTSIDE THE PALACE GROUNDS!

NEXT WEEK — THE GARDEN OF SHIVA.

The Phantees always did a great Tarzan imitation, and here he is, showing off to his dog Devil. Scarce people have no modesty!

Albuquerque, who adopted every manner of terrorism, rapine, plunder, torture and methodical genocide to impose their barbarous form of imperialism on the older, gentler, more civilized peoples of Africa, the Orient, and Arabia: 'Da Gama,' records a contemporary historian, 'tortured helpless fishermen; Almeida tore out the eyes of a nobleman who had come

to him with a promise of his life, for that he suspected a design on his life; Albuquerque cut off the noses of the women and the eyes of the men who fell into his power.' The ancient and complex trade routes of the Indian Ocean and the Gulf of Arabia, formed before Caesar's legions penetrated Great Britain, were utterly destroyed, and the survivors of the plundered cities of the Indian coast were ravished into slavery; the sixteenth-century English slaver John Hawkins wore on his coat of arms, 'a demi-Moor (pygmy), trooper, in chains.' Within one generation, that is, an entire civilisation of Third World people was reduced to rubble by white European colonialism.

If any wonder, then, that the Singh pirates might have taken a few white lives in retribution for these atrocities. Now, it is not entirely clear whether the original Phantom was Portuguese, Italian, French or English, but the 'contemporary' Phantom is definitely operating for the British Crown. Assuredly he is not working out of some altruistic commitment to 'justice' or 'humanity,' because when we first encounter him, he's vacationing aboard a chartered ocean liner in the Atlantic somewhere. In other words, he's pretty much from his little 'adventures.' The story proper is initiated when the Phantom is contacted in Paris by operatives of the pig militaristic prison-complex, Scotland Yard. It seems, according to the Yard, that the 'Maharaja of Barogar,' who is 'the richest potentate in the world' (in other words, a reactionary puppet tyrant maintained in power by his imperialist superiors) is missing, and England's control of Bengal is consequently threatened. 'We have to find out what's going on there,' the pigs tell the Phantom — a matter of Empire.' Achting and Jawbol, the Phantom heads back to the Orient to 'correct' the situation.

MS. DIANA PALMER: A PHANTOM'S DELIGHT

But first, of course, the Phantom must disentangle himself from the messy embarrassment that dragged him to Paris to begin with: a woman. The story opens on the predicament of this woman, Diana Palmer, who

THE ORIGIN OF THE PHANTOM

This is the
creation

other short fact complete origin of The Phantom. He's still going strong over 30 years after his
It's a lesson fact that imperials pigs live longer, something about being the master race ...



FOUR HUNDRED YEARS AGO, A MAN WAS WASHED UP ON A REMOTE BENGAL SHORE. HE HAD SEEN HIS FATHER KILLED AND HIS SHIP SCUTTLED BY SINGH PIRATES.....



... TO DEVOTE MY LIFE TO THE DESTRUCTION OF ALL FORMS OF PIRACY, GREED AND CRUELTY.
I DO
ME SWORE AN OATH ON THE SKULL OF MY FATHER'S MURDERER. HE WAS THE FIRST PHANTOM, AND THE ELDEST MALE OF EACH SUCCEEDING GENERATION OF HIS FAMILY CARRIED ON....



AS THE UNBROKEN LINE CONTINUED THROUGH THE CENTURIES, THE ORIENT BELIEVED IT WAS ACTUALLY THE SAME MAN, SO THE LEGEND GREW!





THE OLD ABANDONED WAREHOUSE!

THE OLD ABANDONED WAREHOUSE is here! Now you can order rare and hard-to-get books about monsters, comics, pulps, fantasy and assorted bewitching black sundries.

Some of the items are for older fan enthusiasts, and some ask you to state age when purchasing. Don't be put off by the formality, the pulsating Post Office isn't.



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KIRBY POSTERS. The gods of Jack Kirby's new pantheon, four of them (Heimdall, Sigrud,

Baldur, Thor) in glorious Kirbycolor, on 11 x 17 poster. Good stock. \$3.00



COMIX: A HISTORY OF COMIC BOOKS IN AMERICA. This is an attractive hard-cover book covering the comic book phenomenon up to today's undergrounds, a territory not

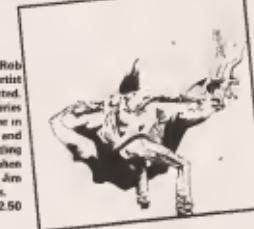
previously explored in any history of the field. Thoroughly ILLUSTRATED in both black-and-white and color, the book appears to extend even to its bright-colored dust jacket. \$7.95



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FUITAKE. A thin 16-page booklet (8½ x 11) featuring the gothic black-and-white style of Denis Fujitake, an artist of the Jeff Jones-Benni Wrightson school. \$1.00



DIG YOUR OWN GRAVE. Rob MacIntyre is a Canadian artist who is young and very talented. His work is collected in a series of 21 full-page drawings done in a textured, dramatic, and stylized manner. Stereotypical portraits of Patrick McCooey (the Prisoner), Jimi Hendrix, Jim Morrison, and fantasy themes.

\$2.50

■ ■ ■ THE OLD ABANDONED WAREHOUSE ■ ■ ■	
<p>The premises, Old Abandoned Warehouse which you've heard about in so many comic, movie and pulp adventure and detective novels is open for business. Illustrated newsprint presents the most ANTIQUE AND unique ARCHAEOLOGICAL WILDFACADES available at KWIC-strikingly FIVE-right priced items which interest you won't</p>	
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SCREEN FACTS 32/24 (double issue). This is a prize for horror film fans. The entire issue (50 + pages) consists of magnificent full-page stills from Universal horror films. Look again at Karloff, Dwight Frye, Rondo Hatton, and many grisly others. \$3.00



PORT OF PERIL by Otis Adelbert Kline. A hard-cover re-issue of a famous science-fiction novel located on Venus. Of special interest are the four illustrations by J. Allen St. John, one of the great masters of fantasy art. \$3.00



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were in my oppressive boots!

For as we all know, marriage is just the time-honored institution of women's servitude. Sensing Diana's yearning to be independent, these men around her feel their masculinity to be threatened—what if she were to become truly liberated, and thus a more confident, and worthwhile person than they? So they persecute her day in and day out with their slobbering male attentions, descending sometimes to the utter depths of craven-skashness to gain her favour: "I know I'm not worth much," one of them tells her (stating the obvious): "I don't play bridge and they tell me I snore at night." As if this token admission of imperfection could cloak the gloating male sense of superiority he, like all men, carry implicitly around with them!

SAVED FOR A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH!

With this steady incursion upon her self-respect, it is no mystery that Diana eventually loses all hope of attaining the Phantom—he symbol of self-realisation—and picks a suitor, evidently at random, to marry her. She submits to his entreaties, the wedding bands are printed, and she is headed toward the altar when, presto, the Phantom returns to "rescue" her. It seems he heard of her impending marriage, and knows as only a man can know what's best for her—i.e., marriage to HIM.

In surely one of the most flagrant displays of machismo ever concocted, the Phantom breaks into the church and kidnaps Diana from the very altar, in her wedding gown, and bears her off against her will. When she protests that she has her own life to live, he responds that he knows better than she how she should live it. Naturally, she agrees—the script is being written by a MAN, remember—and is about to marry the Phantom, straight away, when Scotland Yard comes in and informs her bridegroom-to-be of his "greater responsibility" in Bengal.

"I'd be a yellow rat," the Phantom tells Diana, "if I married you now." No, he needs must drop everything now and fulfill his colonialist duty to the Crown—"Mother of Empire," he assures her. When she begs to be taken with him, he responds that this is impossible because of the danger the trip poses—not to her, but to him. He doesn't want his bride to be a widow "before he unpacks her wedding presents!" Can you stomach that? The utter gall of this be-pastoled cynic! Can you stomach that? Half the time when he is talking to her, he addresses himself to his lousy dog—to suggest that the dog has more sense than this ditz broad—and yet he takes his dog with him! And sure enough, he leaves her in her wedding gown, weeping, as he flies off to his new male adventure. "It's a crazy world, Miss Palmer," someone remarks at this point.

It certainly is crazy. Downright psychopathic, I'd say.

And here's a sock-em-up sequence with The Phantom doing his thing on skis. Wonder how he keeps warm wearing nothing but those purple tights?

believes herself to be "in love" with the Phantom. It came to pass, understand, that on a previous trip to the Orient, this woman had been granted the inestimably glorious privilege of merely looking upon the Phantom, and from that one glimpse had conceived an everlasting infatuation for him. For a man in a ridiculous jump suit, wearing a mask! Obviously it is not really the Phantom that she "loves," but the freedom and purposefulness of his existence, which she, being a woman, is forbidden to experience.

Her wretched condition, which she shares with all women in our male-dominated world, is further degraded by the incessant attentions

which other men about her in Paris keep imposing on her. Not a day passes, the (male) scriptwriter intimates, that one or another of these measure, sadistic, machismo-inflated bozos is not asking her to marry him! This only contributes to her dehumanisation and further undermines her sense of self: what they are telling her, essentially, is that it is her role as a woman to relinquish all intentions toward self-realisation and personal fulfillment, and become a pretty bauble that they can carry around with them for the envious inspection of their fellow boors. Look at me, fellow! See the sexy blonde on my arm! Don't you wish you

Who says there isn't romance in the movies? This young lady is obviously drowning about her long lost love. The Phantom. She'll get over it. We have secret knowledge about her that proves she's nothing more than a super-tired tony-babe.





To the Editor,
MONSTER TIMES...
Box 595
Old Chelsea Sta.
New York 10011

leaders of they chlosed to write the three local television stations in New York (WOR, WNEW, WPIX) and one of the stations called me up and said they would be syndicated into our area. The Saturday night flicks here are really in bad shape. That's why I am writing you. The movie (13) had was when Zachary was on. If they showed a crummy movie like the BLDG 13 or the like, I would be very upset as Zach would do something dangerous.

I'm sure that Seymour could, but then again he would have to check him out. It would benefit you because MONSTER TIMES would be a good place to interpret for interested viewers to New York and it would be a wonderful way to show the power of your readership. How about it?

a faithful reader,
Michael J. Sorkin
Brooklyn, N.Y. 11215

Well, you heard the man, put down this paper (unless you're reading it at your newsstand). You can buy it, read it, then cut out the paper and then put it down) and write to these stations or New York. You can also call them and demand that **SEYMORE PRESENTS** be syndicated in your area. From all the other stations I have talked to, they say he will indeed be syndicated across every area starting soon, but be sure your local station is aware of his. Do it now.

MENVILLE MEANDERINGS?

Grateful moments: Thanks for the sake of buck skins, I'm especially delighted at the quality of work you're doing with **TMT**. Your approach is both serious and natural, in contrast to the "cute" approach of most of the newsmagazines. I hope your first class **I'll be looking forward** to future issues.

I enjoyed the fact that you want to go back virtually so distribution in the Los Angeles area, for if there ever was a better place to do it, I don't know where. I here believe Colleen's *Brook Street* had a few copies of #7 while I was in town. I hope you'll continue to have added my own favorite, *Invitation*, The *Saint-Vincent Bookstore*, to write to you personally. I hope you'll continue to order soon. Haven't forgotten myself as since a friend suggested that just that day, I should get a copy of *The Last Days of Grimsdale* in the recent release, *TALES FROM THE CRYPT*. I might add here before relating his story that Mr. Cushing's wife wrote a nice article in *TV Guide* recently. The crushing effect of this blow put him out of films for while, but determined to go on (you'll hear why later), Peter Cushing began to appear in films again.

By the way, I think the depreciation of competing hardly before your fans may need the beams.

I sincerely hope that you and the one thing I don't need is you. **Thank you!**

Best,

FRED RAY

Pt. Lausanne-Pt. 2320
The world is officially needed, you
and DAGON did not copy TMT.

BE LDNGS FOR LDN!

Dear Son,
I think your **MONSTER TIMES** is great. I liked your movie on *Character* last week. The *Shriek* was good. I would like to see you print though a write-up on *Lucas Chancy* & photo of his greatest make-up job.

Sincerely,
Christopher Lloyd
Eddy's Garage

Never fear, Mr. Fred, we've got Big-Heated, Bill Nelson working on a whole *Lucas Chancy* Spectre! Included is a *Shriek* and *Character* Quasimodo, highlighting the napoleon makeup job. The *Shriek* goes straight on *Bill Nelson* and *Character* length story on the mouse. Watch for it in a future issue.

BEST

WANTS TO SEE MORE
OF SEYMOUR!

One Editor,
I am writing you to congratulate the staff of the success of the **Monster Times**. I say again because the fan letter I wrote to you was not published. Thirteen years ago I first picked up a copy of the newly-born *Funsize Monsters* of *Horror* and I was hooked. I was being the tender age of five, and was never the same since. Since then that magazine has been my best friend, a constant crowd and soon lost my business. That was years ago. When I first read your page yesterday I was overjoyed. I am a publication no one deals with more often, nor a series fiction and comic, off with a massive rating.

What I really wrote about was to see what the clients are on today

leaders of they chlosed to write the three local television stations in New York (WOR, WNEW, WPIX) and one of the stations called me up and said they would be syndicated into our area. The Saturday night flicks here are really in bad shape. That's why I am writing you. The movie (13) had was when Zachary was on. If they showed a crummy movie like the BLDG 13 or the like, I would be very upset as Zach would do something dangerous.

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Brooklyn, N.Y. 11215

When horror star Peter Cushing agreed to appear in **TALES FROM THE CRYPT** he made many more involvements in the film than met the audience's eye. Cushing had several very specific, unusual, and—until now—secret reasons for accepting the role in the film. Here's MT reporter R. Allen Leider along with Peter himself to tell you all about the strange story of what went on behind the Crypt.

What's the first thing a part he offers, quite literally, pushes himself into? When a very special actor like Peter Cushing delves into the realm of a supernatural part he puts more into it than most actors do. He puts a bit of his occult into it as well. A certain hint of spiritualism perhaps that makes the part more than just a portrayal, but a very personal experience for both the actor and the audience.

I recently heard from both the personal and professional side when I returned from England. I had the pleasure of spending the afternoon with Peter Cushing and, among other things, we discussed the current box office smash *Gremlids* of Grimsdale in the recent release, *TALES FROM THE CRYPT*.

I might add here before relating his story that Mr. Cushing's wife wrote a nice article in *TV Guide* recently. The crushing effect of this blow put him out of films for while, but determined to go on (you'll hear why later), Peter Cushing began to appear in films again.

For those of you who are curious about the grueling Grimsdale, a part that did not appear in the original script and was added largely by Peter himself:

"*EC* issue one was one of the best yet, and I was asked to do a review of it. I thought *Book* a long review and stated a good one, but I said what that my ego was getting in the way. So I decided to re-examine everything connected with the book except I did the intro to the author, Harry Goldblatt, and I said, 'Well, send me a \$8 & 9 right away.' Thanks, and good luck."

Douglas Menville
Los Angeles, Calif. 90038

Just chalk it up to the magnificent **Monster Times** research department, Douglas Menville, the brilliant editorial editor who wrote the review, let it slip his mind and was being flagged in the eyes of the critics. I am sure that *Gremlids*, *GRIMSDIKE STORY*, *WORLD WAR II*, *FRANCIS*, *Gremlids*, *Come Collection Shop* and *Bad Plant*

Send as many letters, postcards, house decorations, etc., as you like. The **MONSTER TIMES** Office will have to deliver our mail address to the Post Office. Address: **MONSTER TIMES**, Box 595, Old Chelsea Station, N.Y.C. 10011

On a word to the wise, the **MONSTER TIMES** is a weekly publication and the Post Office will have to deliver our mail address to the Post Office. Address: **MONSTER TIMES**, Box 595, Old Chelsea Station, N.Y.C. 10011

"I don't believe that we should try to contact the deceased ... there has been too much pain involved!
I don't think it is something we should try to tamper with."

just didn't exist when I got the story to begin with."

LAST MINUTE MAKE-UP

"Even that makeup was not supposed to be there. That was made up **LUNCHTIME** normally they were going to use me to set that scene. I told them you got to use me. I can't let someone else do it. As an actor you have to do what's right, unless it's a dangerous stunt and you could be injured. So that makeup we did in one hour, I talked to Roy Ashton, who was a make-up on the picture, and I said look, I have to do something about this. Because they were just going to paint me. I thought you can't do it with just white paint. So I took some paint over my eyes so I can see where I am going. So we used that for the eye socket. Now, I had never done a **SHREK** before. So I had to do a **SHREK** makeup. Stories for television here on the BBC. I suppose you know Holmes was supposedly a great man with a very large nose. I told them that I used a lot was a **Gremlid** costume. But Holmes had made me a set of false teeth which were large and fake. So I had to make my own teeth and were very irregular. So I had to go along with me and we added those to the makeup. And Roy painted me a green costume instead of the grey they originally wanted. It came out rather well. I've had a great deal of comment on it, all good."

I asked Peter how he came to play the grisly Grimsdikes who rises from his grave to seek revenge on the man who drove him to suicide. And here in his own words **Peter Cushing's unexpected answer:**

GRIMSDIKE'S GRIM STORY

"When that script was sent to me they wanted me to play the part that Richard Greene played. But I said, 'I don't like that character. I didn't like the part.' I didn't believe in it. That was the segment of the film that was a part of *THE JOURNEY'S END*. But I wanted to play the part that I wanted to be in this picture so I said to my agent, 'What about this little old man,' which is the original script. 'I'd like to play that part.' He didn't even have time to say. The story as written was about the young man ... So I said, 'I don't like the part.' I wanted to play the part. Of course I have it, and I got it. So then I had to get together with Freddie Francis, the director, and virtually all of that part could be no dialogue because he had no one to talk to, so there was all this time I would talk to the photo and I know this. A person talks to himself when he did the ouija board. So I had the picture, which was also my wife, Linda, and I had no one, so the whole of that part could be no dialogue because he had no one to talk to, so there was all this time I would talk to the photo and I know this. A person talks to himself when he did the ouija board. So I had the picture, which was also my wife, Linda, and I had no one, so the whole of that part could be no dialogue because he had no one to talk to, so there was all this time I would talk to the photo and I know this. A person talks to himself when he did the ouija board. So I had the picture, which was also my wife, Linda, and I had no one, so the whole of that part could be no dialogue because he had no one to talk to, so there was all this time I would talk to the photo and I know this. A person talks to himself when he did the ouija board. 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Every day people line up outside the TMT office clamoring for back issues... and lately we've noticed a number of them carrying ropes, buckets of tar, and baskets of feathered So, before we run out of back issues, or they run us out of town, you'd better fill in the coupon on the right... do it, do it, do it!

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They said it couldn't be done. Sure, The Creatures granted an interview with THE MONSTER TIMES and Gorgo most recently chatted with the staff, but, we asked our creative selves, what were the chances of getting the BIG guy, the crowned and renowned King of the Monsters, the Great Godzilla himself to take pen in claw and actually write for TMT... in a full length column... every month? We asked ourselves, and then, after purchasing a round-trip ticket to Japan and swallowing a bellyful of aspirin, we asked HIM... and to our surprise His Majesty was delighted to receive us and when we raised the question of his periodically writing a word or two he wagged his tail and spun his spines in total agreement. And so, after much ado about something, THE MONSTER TIMES proudly presents GODZILLA'S GALLERY, the world's first monster gossip column!... Gadzooks!

Greetings, everyone! These are the words of Almighty GODZILLA, the King of the Creatures and the "Ross Barrett of the Monster World" and the "Dear Abby of the Drayc Drayc!" According to my amiable employers, I will be gracing "MT" with my wily words of wisdom every month or so, rotatting in the sixtieth issue of the word with Seymour, the friendly Movie Monster. I have quite a bit on my plate (literally speaking, of course) and a smelly monstrous amount of inside information to relate to you poor, culture-starved readers. So, good people, read on, enjoy and most of all broaden your intellectual horizons with my undeniably delicious food for thought...

To begin with, let me first say a word or two about the people who put together THE MONSTER TIMES. DALE FERDUS, DIME-WITTED and DUMB! I don't know of the place is always in the state I found it on the day of my first visit, but the morning I arrived it looked like cleaning day at the city morgue! Can't you guys afford some

decent wallpaper? I mean, the Warren Publishing Company you're not! And your bathroom facilities! Now I know what becomes of your former editors. I caught one crawling dejectedly along the floor, searching aimlessly for one of your official TMT tee and quot;One thing I can say for you guys, you'll do anything for a laugh!

A BREATH OF STALE AIR

There's a lot more to be said about THE MONSTER TIMES, luckily for them

I haven't the time or the energy to say it all now. At this precarious point I'd like to answer a question that's been baffling students of natural history since time immemorial, (or at least since I made the area) Mr. Joseph Cardello of States Island, New York, asked me, "I quote, 'Does Mr. Godzilla, how in Godzill's gizzard does he ever get that radioactive breath? It's a real gas!' and quot; Well Joe, I can't say much for your literary style but I do commend your rather moist curiosity. The master of my beastly style is a deeply personal one, but I figure I owe the world a favor (after all, if there was no world, what could I terrorize) film after film?" and so I'll talk turkey. It was a fair money day back in the summer of '45 (1945 - for you perverts) and I was taking a completely sound and restful nap when I made the crucial mistake of opening my choppers to yawn. Little did I know that the U.S. Army was testing its tangy A-Bombs in the area and before I could utter a single patootie "banza" - PLOP! A split atom for breakfast and a splitting headache for lunch! By the time dinner rolled around I was a complete mess, sitting alone for the man course, sipping watermelons for dessert and drinking cold tea to wash away my troubles. Before long I was nicknamed "The Fastest Mouth in the East." Anyways you look at it, the distressed drowsier was totally fried!

KING KONG DETHRONED

Another matter of business I've been meaning to discuss (but never had the nerve or the opportunity to do so) is my constant feud with my old "buddy" King Kong. I suppose Kong was a King at one

time, but, dear friends, that time is past! For a good many years that goroy guy had been living off the popularity of his old films, making public speeches in various places and signing autographs for little monsters. Then, in the early months of 1962, he paid you truly a visit and kept us requested to sit in on his "King Kong" for the poor boy I agreed to share billing with him is what eventually became "King Kong Vs. Godzilla," but if I had known at the time that the American distribution of the film



KONG has only one language with others.

were going to film a separate ending, there would have been one unemployed ape greasing the peaks of Mt. Fuji! In the states, the chunky chimp defeats his kindly benefactor.

But I'm not the type of reptile who holds a grudge. After all, what is the "King" doing now? Last I heard he commanded those deadheads at Toho to produce a properly fruity effort entitled "King Kong Escapes." It's a cinch he hasn't escaped the film's handlike laws.

By the way folks, I figure this is a good time to plug my latest effort,



Has I am another good form turned my alienated hoodlums to good advertising.

GODZILLA VS. THE SMOG MONSTER. I'm not of the opinion that this is a picture of today, that pits me against a somewhat sleepy shape of shapes that thinks nothing of turning nice little humans into the pretzel of Toho's special optical effects (may be more about SMOG near Mt.) This smoky shoo-fay will be making the rounds with ALF'S FRIGGS (see page 27 on the double of a flick), so make a point to visit your local movie house (or is that "read house"?!) and e-a-y-o-y yourself!

Now, on this note, I hope you understand why my hobby is just about up. I ask you to join me in two short weeks when I reveal the hidden secrets behind today's modern monsters, their strange discoveries and sensibilizing sounds that make life the hoot full of thrills in it. (?) Write to me, ask questions, make this column yours as well as mine. After all, you owe it to yourself!

Until next time,

Godzilla

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NYC 10011

Was there ever any doubt?

CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES

20th
Century
Fox released
the PLANET
OF THE APES
and it was a huge
success. So they
released BEHIND THE
PLANET OF THE APES
and THAT was a large smash.
Never ones to blow the hot air of
change into the cool breeze of
financial success, the
powers-that-be at Fox released
ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF
THE APES — and that too became
a boxoffice biggie. The "escape"
proved to be a brief one, however,
and Fox has just unleashed its latest
Ape epic, CONQUEST OF THE
PLANET OF THE APES. Here we
present a two-headed view of Fox's
latest simian thriller. One of the
heads (belonging to R. Allen
Leider) nodded vertically at the
newest Ape opus, while the other
(owned by Allen Brandman) chose
a horizontal direction. In other
words, one of 'em liked it and the
other didn't. Here's why...

Twenty years ago, two articulate and intelligent apes named Cornelius and Zira came to the earth of the present from their home on the earth of the future. The novelty of their existence wore off quickly, however, and soon they came to be viewed as a possible threat to mankind. Cornelius told the human populace of the nature of the world he had come from. It was a world dominated by the apes. Man was a creature of submission to be hunted, experimented upon, stuffed and mounted for museum display. Cornelius spoke of the origins of the planet of the apes, of the impending revolution of the servant apes in what was now the near future. The public became aroused by this frightening prophecy and fear won out. Cornelius and Zira met death trying to save their son from suffering the same fate at the hands of their human masters. But — unbeknownst to the world — their son, Caesar, lived. Rescued by Armando, a circus owner, Caesar has been raised in hiding with the other animals of the circus. Armando (Ricardo Montalban), you see, understands Caesar's plight.

Armando takes Caesar to the city, the city of 1990, a city ruled by the ruthless Governor Brock (Don Murray); a city kept functioning by a virtual army of

servile apes. It is Caesar's first visit to the city and he is shocked to find his people (i.e. apes — Ed.) in the chains of slavery. When Caesar is unmasked, when it is discovered that he has the power of intelligence and speech, he is forced to flee for his life. Armando is taken prisoner and tortured by the cruel Police



In a way it was really a shame. I mean, here were all these nice, petite, impeccably-behaved lady apes shuffling and scratching their way up 5th Avenue on that balmy June 27 afternoon, serenaded by sopranoistically squeaky TV sets — creeps and I was shocked if unsurprised. Few City residents, all playing out their predictable parts in this 20th Century Fox production for its latest Ape opus, CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES, when all of a sudden, like a bolt out of the blue, a cat out of the bag, or as original flush out of a long, beatified brain, comes this gross, ungracious, uncharming, or as cartoonists say, "unlovable" style ape, Armando! His obscene hairy torso and cringing sweet nothings at Fox's troupe of fine female divines. Before you could say "Nimpy Joe Young," all heck broke loose at the TMT-shirted (Yes, MT shirts are on the way!) renegade gorilla starts stealing

Chief Kolp (Severin Darden). Disgusted as a servant, Caesar infiltrates the ranks of the enslaved apes by getting assigned as Brock's personal servant. Brock's assistant, MacDonald (Harri Rhodes), a black man, feels compassion for the apes and intercedes on their and Caesar's behalf when Brock gets out to enforce a drastic get-tough policy.

But the cruel treatment of his fellow apes grows away at Caesar's mind until the day comes ... the day of his destiny!

Just what is Caesar's destiny, you ask? Will Armando break down under torture and "tell up, you want to know? What will Caesar be discovered, you wonder? What will happen when and if Caesar and Brock meet in mortal combat, you query? Is this, you ask above all, the end of the Planet of the Apes???

Well, you'll just have to see the movie to get the answer to these and countless other questions birthed by this cursor

mind of yours. And please, do go and see it. CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES is one of the few quality sci-fi films around these days and follows the fine tradition started by the first "Apes" flick several years back (See MT No. 11). The technical work is extremely good. I mention these details because to a true-blue sci-fi horror buff there is nothing more maddening than out-of-focus, poorly colored, sloppily edited movies. This is especially true when they have a good professional cast that stands up to the high film standards of today's cinema.

APE OPUS EARNS APPROVAL

CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES succeeds on almost all counts. Excellent camera work, brilliant color and sharp editing highlight the opus. The plot, unfortunately, is a bit skimpy.

THAT GOES APE
is our new monthly column
superior entertainment analysis
out five copies of
THE MONSTER TIMES
in tykes,
senior citizens, and
anyone else who
wants to bring out
more improvements
8th Avenue
Age-In.



its public's emotions and the camera's eyes away from the benumbed lady apes. His worn, spirited antics (and free copies of THE MONSTER TIMES) quickly won over the hearts of small tykes, sultry teens, puzzled parents, head-scratching senior citizens, and cynical media men began nodding at an equal pace at the fury feet of the MT

How did this Miracle on 39th Street come about? Well, acting swiftly on a tip from one of our many spies inside the media, we decided to dispatch our own gorilla to join in the frivolity planned by

the 20th Century Fox Publicity Dept. Inside the MT ape was a young acrobat-actor-cartoonist named Jason Roberts—just back from a performing stint in Gene Kelly's CLOWNAROUND, a touring "clown-on-a-stick" show. Jason, a natural, played right into a friendly spot; he was dexterous enough to cause Kong himself a sleepless night or two and prompt Kong to turn in his suit. Accompanied by a number of loyal MT staffers—there to lend moral support—Jason and the CONQUEST apes traded grunts and bewildered stares, though, for expressions of pure bewilderment nothing



Fox's latest Ape epic begins where previous ones end, ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES, lets off with revolutionary ape [Roddy McDowell] being kept out of harm's way by kindly gorilla owner Armando [Ricardo Montalban].

There is a great deal of fine action footage but it has to uphold a thin plot thread — a difficult task at best. Perhaps if this film and its sequel [did I say that?] (it wasn't us — Ed.) were combined, there might have been more movie meat on the bare bones of the plot. The twists and surprises that kept popping up in the previous Ape epics just don't materialize in this one. Not that it's a dull film, on the contrary, CONQUEST is an action-thriller guaranteed to hold any horror freak's interest. It just doesn't give much information that relates to the entire PLANET OF THE APES film cycle, to the continuing saga of our simian heroes. But taken on its own merit, the film is a highly entertaining one.

Roddy McDowell is brilliant as Caesar. McDowell played Cornelius in the first and third Ape films and now essays the role of his own son in this fourth Ape offering. I do miss Kim Hunter's questing female chimp, though. She provided a good deal of both charm and comic relief for the serious moments in the three previous outings. The female interest in this flick is provided by Natalie Trundy, sans lines and without much of a shocker at all. In fact, the relationship

between Ms. Trundy (as 'Lola') and Caesar is barely developed at all. Ricardo Montalban continues and concludes his Ape involvement with his portrayal of Armando, a man who plays a key role in helping Caesar's destiny made fruition.

Caesar is approached by festive humans, whose days, however, are numbered.



itself, clings to its very top as if it were a mighty Empire State Building and frolics through the water, beating his chest and grunting cryptic comments to the crowd. Scores of free copies of MT were handed out by staffers before they and the Apes began their trek downtown.

TMT's first gala media event was covered by Metromedia TV (Channel 5) and CBS (Channel 2), although not

Don Murray as Gov. Brock plays his part in a sort of deadpan Lawrence Luckinbill as a black jersey. The tyrant that is supposed to be dwelling within the Breck character rarely surfaces, unfortunately. Police Chief Kelp is Steven Oderen, a menacing looking actor (and a former comedian) who might have been given more to do — for he would have done it well. A gold star goes to Harry Rhodes who as MacDonald gets across the emotional message of the film. Perhaps if there is a sequel (no more hints) we'll be lucky enough to see him return.

MURRAY'S MINDLESS MESSAGE

I might mention that Don Murray is given one splendid speech near the end of the film and it might well sum up the movie. "We have the ape," Breck says, "because he reminds us that we are all apes inside. That we have the same origins as you. When we despise you we are really despising the beast deep within us. When we want a dumb message like that, we'll send ourselves a telegram — Ed."

None of the cast members are bad actors. Don't get me wrong. But the lack of character development in these parts is very evident. Whether it is the fault of

director J. Lee Thompson, or just due to some production quirk or the script, that is unknown to me. But the action and camera work make up for it, at least in part.

Certainly, we could use more films like this one. At least one more (did I say again?) [it still wasn't us — Ed.] Quality is something that needs to be stressed, particularly in the day and age when films are padded with unnecessary sex scenes to compensate for their lack of ingenuity, talent, or production know-how. Wholesomeness may sound goofy-goody, but all the great films were — whether you like it or not! — wholesome. The sexiest thing I can remember in any of the classics is KING KONG's tearing of Fay Wray's dress (Personally, we were more turned on by the Bride of Frankenstein's sword and maybe the way the THING walked — Ed.). Even that was done tastefully. So see the CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES. Who knows — we may live to see it happen.

■ R.A.L.

APE ARGUMENT RAGES ON!

For every Dr. Jekyll-type film reviewer we have around, we at TMT also keep a Mr. Hyde-type busy. The Mr. Hyde in question is our own Allen Brandman, who also reported to us about what he'd seen in CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES and the following is from his somewhat opposing view of the film. Allen... take it away.

Despite the pedal satire in the beginning of CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES (which especially made ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES so rewarding), there is less warmth in this film than in its predecessors. We have come to care less about these characters somehow... The business of revolution is handled very typically and impersonally after a point, and, wallowing in its own sadism, never manages to achieve the same kind of suspense unattained by the previous films. What's more, by the end, we have almost as little regard for Caesar, his brothers, and their revolution as we do for their callous human masses. Perhaps that's the only way it was meant to be... still, it's a shame.



Caesar may be in trouble here, but soon the shoulder will be on the other rock—the human one, that is.

Further ruminations include, incredibly enough, the costumes and special effects for which the series won so much fame. Some of the ape costumes — notably the orangutans (with whom Caesar seeks refuge) really aren't very convincing. Also, despite a few well-conceived suggestions of futuristic society, the sense of locale is far too vague and uninteresting. We are supposedly in some sort of city. But we never really get a good view of it, and the action is always



One of Fox's spiffy ape shakin' down with they TMT fan as our own Ape-in-the-Street movies further upturn in a search of bigger and better worlds to conquer.

could top the faces of the Fox publicity crew, who had not been informed in advance of our impromptu appearance.

With the temperature a scalding 80° and the sun shining as if it owned the world, Jason and the Fox apes took separate routes up to the fountains at the 59th Street entrance to Central Park during the hottest time of summer goings-on. While the demure Fox apes were content to gabble about the fountain's perimeter, nothing of the sort would satisfy our gorilla. Not about to settle for such tame play, the MT ape took a lumbering leap into the fountain



"Excuse me, Mr.," says MT ape, "but how do you get to the Central Park Zoo?" "Practise," was her curt reply.

Continued on page 25

A photograph of a man's face, heavily obscured by a dark, textured mask that resembles a wolf's head. He has white eyes, a black nose, and a wide, toothy grin showing yellow canines. He is wearing a dark green, textured jacket. The background is a solid, warm yellow.

Even a man
who is pure in heart
and says his
prayers by night,
may become a wolf
when the
wolfbane blooms
and the autumn
moon is bright.

SCIENCE FICTION FILM
by Denis Gifford
Studio Vista Dutton, \$2.25

Having been raised on book-tube science fiction of such dubious quality as LOST IN SPACE, LAND OF THE GIANTS, SPACE ANGEL and other assorted goodies, I don't think I was quite prepared for Denis Gifford's new Dutton paperback, SCIENCE FICTION FILM (\$2.25, 160 pages). Nevertheless, for lack of better reason than a cash payment, I picked up the book and prepared to muddle through what I was sure would be another cringe, highly ridiculous flight of fancy.

It's not that I didn't know about the cult of worshippers around such films as THINGS TO COME, THIS ISLAND



LIBRARY TODO

SUPER SCI-FI

desperately simple writing on films, he never fails to entertain, to inform or to clarify.

Gifford divides his book into four parts, which at first confuse the novice SF film fan, but eventually proves itself an excellent way of discussing and analyzing films, be they classic, forgettable or somewhere in between.

His first section, a well-researched and written piece, concerns itself with films that focus on inventions. This is further divided into little sub-chapters on

submarines, tunnels, robots and ray guns. He speaks of the invasions in almost human terms, and perhaps rightly so as he convinces the reader that the films in this chapter are featuring the invention rather than the people.

In his chapter on vehicles, Gifford covers the field, ranging from the surrealistic trains of George Miller in WHIRLING THE WORLDLS, Fred MacMurray's flying car in THE ABSENT MINDED PROFESSOR. Somewhere the author feels the movie's sequel, SON OF FLUBBER, was done specifically with model tanks in mind. Gifford obviously dislikes both and goes for TANKS (1916), which somehow produced a model tank so close to the ones secretly being tested by the War Department, they



A 1954 Republic disaster called TOBOR THE GREAT was in no way enhanced by author Gifford's snark for this pomo cartoon for the immensely forgettable feature.



This friend was a stowaway. Hard as it is to believe, the character, aptly titled IT was an unconvincing guest on a spaceship in 1958's IT THE TERROR FROM BEYOND SPACE

EARTH, and METROPOLIS, I just could never deduce why on earth (or in this case, why in space) people found science fiction films so intriguing. I often wondered where they found the mental stamina to sustain themselves through what I considered hours of childlike games. Gifford's book seemed to offer no superficial relief, save for the lavish photographic layout, which I was sure was nothing if it wasn't a waste of good film.

Suffice it to say that after finishing

Gifford's book, I was convinced that I was foolishly downgrading an art I knew little of and understood nothing about. SCIENCE FICTION FILM convinced me with fine commentary, an extraordinary knowledge of the field and most importantly, a sense of humor. Whether Gifford is attacking the reader with his massive index of 500 science-fiction films produced since 1897, containing titles, directors, production companies and alternative titles, or overwhelming the reader with excellently constructed, yet



MEET HERCULES. Despite the author's breezy style, he still finds time to point out that the *TIME MACHINE* netted George Peppard an Oscar, and further mentions he got all the ideas from Percy Smith anyway.

He moves from time machine movies to the "future" movies to the stories this reader found most interesting; flicks that utilized the atomic bomb as a method of prediction, Gifford points out that if it is ever to become reality, we'd better hope it doesn't happen this year.

were in convulsions until the tide was changed to *TANK CARTOONS*—despite the fact that it was a live action model!

Gifford reaches his high point in the robot section, systematically praising and damning the mechanized men, zinging producers with lines like: *THE COLOSSUS OF NEW YORK*, an electrical robot having the living brain of dead Otto Kruger, carted off Mata Powers, somewhat hopefully clutching her on the bed. The climax of the spectacular *KING KONG ESCAPES* took place atop Tokyo Tower, where the world's largest robot, Mechani-Kong, has a ding dong with King Kong."

His second chapter concerns itself with

flicks that deal with Exploration.

Sub-divided into chapters on alien visitors and home-grown astronauts, Gifford excellently sets the two in the proper perspective.

His section on aliens is particularly appealing. He talks of many of the few invasion movies, contrasting brilliantly the type of invader in *THE PURPLE MONSTER STRIKES*, with the more benevolent visitor from Krypton, Supemans. While both arrived in a ship with no other passengers, Roy (Purple-Monster) Barcroft's intent is to prepare earth for invasion, while Kirk (Superman) Ahm seeks only a home in which to live. He further contrasts the various alien monsters by including *THE MAN FROM PLANET X*. While our purple monster shares the same intent as our Planet X man, the latter is accidentally destroyed by the army. Gifford notes the trend that X started as duplicates springing up, sharing both X's unfortunate extinction, and X's poverty now budget.

From aliens, Gifford proceeds directly into astronauts, and then into his third chapter on prediction movies.

The first movies of this genre in sf were those that utilized the time machine as their main catalyst. Gifford concentrates on all of the time machine movies, going from the sublime (*1960's TIME MACHINE* masterpiece) to the ridiculous (*1967's THREE STOOGES*)

We're sure you'll never see one like this fellow hopping down Fifth Avenue one sunny afternoon, but he's THE COLOSSUS OF NEW YORK. While he may not hold traffic on the streets, I wouldn't get him off the Central Park if I could help it!

in L.A. Apparently we are going to lose either way so you might like to pack a few bags and make reservations at your nearest fallout shelter.

His final section in the prediction chapter concerns predictions of the end of the world. Interestingly enough, the earth was destroyed not once, but twice by the same comet. 1910 brought *THE COMET*, whose final scene was a panoramic view of a desolated world.

MOVIE MONSTERS. Stills are in abundance and they cover the field quite well. They range from shots of the stock exchange scene in *BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES*, which shows a crumbling New York Stock Exchange building in the far future, to rather strange shots of Forrest Tucker battling ludicrous tentacles in *THE TROLLMENBERG TERROR*. The book reproduces over 100 stills in half and full



The bunch of apes got George Peppard an Oscar in 1968. They appeared as Martians in the movie, *THE TIME MACHINE*.

THE COMET'S COME-BACK. In 1916 finds the earth destroyed again by the same small body, and Gifford adds sarcastically, "the only known survivors are the hero, heroine and cameraman." Nevertheless, the earth somehow survives

to be destroyed several times during the years, yet it always makes the needed comeback for the next flick.



Dennis Gifford describes this ugly as a "Scaly monster for adults." Personally, we can't figure what makes him an adult, even though he did co-star 1960's *DESTINATION: INNER SPACE*.

1972 was apparently a good year for atomic explosion movies because *ALL THE DAY THE FISH CAME OUT* and *PANIC IN THE CITY* marked this year as a disastrous one. *ALL THE DAY THE FISH CAME OUT* finds a nuclear bomber crashing into the Aegean Sea, while *PANIC* exposes a plot to trigger a reactor

The author's final chapter is the aforementioned section containing the science-fiction film index, and that reveals a potpourri of titles, ideas and mutations.

Artistically the book is a minor masterpiece, easily surpassing the graphics in Gifford's first book on fantasy films,

page forms, pressbook shots, lobby cards and even a comic strip written for the pressbook of the *TOBOR THE GREAT* serial of 1954. Oddly enough, it's written by the book's author, and luckily Gifford is a better book writer than comic writer.

Overall, Dennis Gifford has produced a simply magnificent book, loaded with an interesting, informative, entertaining and humorous text that never slackens from the breathless pace that with the description of one George Melies, the father of the science fiction film, Gifford gives him this distinction by virtue of Melies' 1897 movie entitled *THE LABORATORY OF MEPHISTOPHELES* which ran all of 225 feet. Pictorially the book is a match for any, and at the bargain price \$2.25, it's a must get item.

But my problem is that now that Gifford has turned me on to the world of the science fiction films, I've got to start worrying about that nuclear generator in Los Angeles and the crashing bomber in the Aegean sea. I fear I'll never get to screen all of the flicks I've a desire to see!

■—Joe Brancatelli

This, according to SCIENCE FICTION FILM is a "Western Man." Hmmm... I have no desire to see the primitive folk that inhabit Mars and the folks who appeared in 1962's *WAR OF THE WORLDS*.

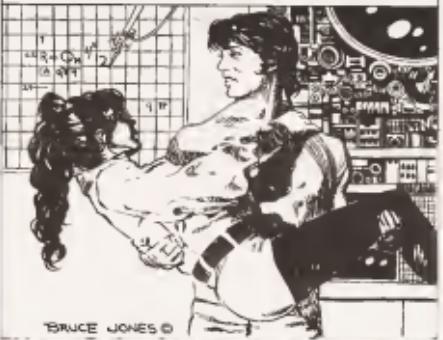


LIANA

NESTLED HOME TOO SECURELY IN THE GEM WORLD OF THE FUTURE, LIANA LONGED FOR THE MIRACLE THAT WILL END THE FEAR OF HER LONELY EXISTENCE. BUT REFLECTION CAN HAVE DANGEROUS SIDE EFFECTS, AS LIANA WILL SOON FIND OUT.



THE DAYS OF MONOTONY AND SOLITUDE VANISHED... DAX SWEEPED ME INTO A WORLD OF LAUGHTER AND EXCITEMENT. WE WENT EVERYWHERE... THEN ONE DAY WHILE EXPLORING A DEAD CITY...



BRUCE JONES ©

HERE ARE SO FEW OF US LEFT NOW--WE HUMANS. THE RACE IS NEARLY ENDED. I DWELT ALL ALONE ON A TINY PLANET IN THE FIFTH STAR BELT, PASSING THE DAYS WORKING IN MY SELF-MADE LAB...



ALL MY LIFE I HAD KNOWN LONELINESS. THEN ONE DAY A MIRACLE OCCURRED, DAX CAME INTO MY LIFE





RHE WAS FROM UNIT-CONTROL, CHECKING UP ON ME, AND SHE WAS VERY BEAUTIFUL. THE MOMENT WE SAT DOWN TO DINNER I NOTICED THE CHANGE IN DAX... SO DID RHE...



I FOUND THEM IN THE LAB LATER THAT NIGHT AS I KNEW I WOULD. THERE WAS NO USE FIGHTING IT... THEY WERE TWO OF A KIND. I REALIZED THAT AS I DREW THE BLASTER...



I WAS ASHAMED OF MY JEALOUSY BUT COULDN'T FIGHT IT. I FIRED AND WATCHED THE CHROME FLESH OF MY CREATION MELT AWAY, EXPOSING THE BLINKING LABYRINTH OF WIRES AND CIRCUITS WITHIN...



IT IS LONELY AGAIN NOW, BUT IT MATTERS LITTLE. I MUST CONTINUE MY WORK, CREATING MORE DAY'S AND RHE'S AND POPULATING THE UNIVERSE. THERE ARE SO FEW OF US HUMANS LEFT...



ATTENTION ALL MONSTER TIMES FANS!

What you've been clamoring for all these months is coming! THE MONSTER TIMES FAN CLUB is coming soon, chock full of monstrously horrible goodies for all members. Keep your eyes on these pages for all the information.

THE MONSTER TIMES FAN CLUB IS COMING!
Look for it.

WANTED! WANTED! WANTED!

WANTED—Old radio and comix premiums, to expand our museum of relics, trivia and the like of 20th Century pop-art. Things like the BUCK ROGERS PISTOL, or a CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT DECODER RING... and all the rest of the stuff. These things have a place

in our history, and we have a place for them on our shelves. Please send description and condition of items, plus the price you're asking, to TMTM, (THE MONSTER TIMES MUSEUM), P.O. Box 596, Old Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y., 10011.

HE MOVES EASILY AND THE MUSCLE STRAITS BY HIS HEAD... BUT THE FORCE OF THE THROW PULLS ME FORWARD AND THE HEAVY CHAIN ENCIRCLES HIS THROAT... I CATCH THE PROJECTILE WITH THE SAME HAND THAT LOOSED IT, AND HOLD IT IN A GRIP THAT ONLY DEATH WILL BREAK...

THE OGRE GASPS AND STRUGGLES BUT I CLING TO HIM LIKE THE WOLF TO THE BEAR... THE SWEAT BEADS AND ENCIRCLES MY BROW AND THE OGRE SCREAMS HIS MOVEMENTS SLOW AND FINALLY CEASE TILL HE DROWNS IN HIS OWN BLOOD...



Two panels from BADTIME STORIES, by Berni Wrightson.

Badtime Stories

Benefit Berni Wrightson's brought out a bashingly brilliant book; **BADTIME STORIES**. Regular readers of THE MONSTER TIMES know wrenching Wrightson from his immortal color poster of Boris Karloff's **FRANKENSTEIN** in the centerfold of MT No. 1, and your bottom dollar can be bet that you'll be seeing more of his morbid phantasmagorically creepy, circus of ghouls and goblins, freaks and fiends, and doomish demons in future issues of this wonderful monster newspaper.

But in the meanest of whites, though, you can have a 48 page, permanently-bound slick-paper softcover creepish classic of six soul-annihilating solo stories of mystery and macabre, Berni's weirdly wrought, wright-on **BADTIME STORIES**. We reviewed them in **MONSTER TIMES** NO. 6, received so much mail, that we bought a stock of them for you to order from us.

BADTIME STORIES is all

Wright, son! Monster-sized (8½" x 11"), and monster-oriented, with color paintings on the front and back covers, and spine-chilling black and white artwork inside, it's a steal at the measly \$5.00 per copy we're asking. (Though we won't tell you who's stealing from whom!)

So fill out the coupon below, and send it into THE MONSTER TIMES folk. Would we ever steer you wrong?

Wright-on! Wrightson's weirdly weird workmanship what ray wuh-craft for his woebegone world! Rush _____ copies of **BADTIME STORIES** at \$5.00 per copy plus 50¢ postage & handling (\$5.50 total) to
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Rushing in where rob men fear to tread, Douglas Trumbull—ace special effects man for 2001—endeavored to direct a sci-fi film of his own, on a tenth of the budget Kubrick had enjoyed for his **SPACE ODYSSEY**. The result of that project was **SILENT RUNNING**, the story of an ecological space mission of the future and a film that introduced a trio of lovable automatons called "drones" who tugged at the heartstrings of the most cynical cinema sophisticates. Here to tell you all about it now is Jim Wnorski... Drone on, J.W.!



After years portraying all sorts of movie despots, Bruce Dern finally found himself playing a nice guy in **SILENT RUNNING**.

where he shot John Wayne in the back, takes the lead role here, a more sensitive part than the killers, rapists, and baby-eaters he has portrayed in such

SILENT RUNNING is all about the idea that got away, at least that's the impression we get after a recent screening and interview with its director Douglas Trumbull, who spent two and a half years of his life making the special effects dreams of Stanley Kubrick come alive in the MGM masterpiece **2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY**.



The impressive fleet of half-mile long spaceships are actually only 24 foot models designed, constructed and photographed over a period of several months in order to achieve the believable illusions presented here. The surfaces of the spaceship monoliths were textured by hand with parts from 850 Japanese model kits.

SILENT RUNNING is nothing more than a hodge-podge of very interesting and fascinating ideas that, although presented in a stimulating enough manner are never meaningfully developed to the highest point of their dramatic potential.

The surface story is basically simple... spaceman Freeman Lowell is an ecologist on a trio of gigantic space freighters who has the job of keeping the last space forests in good growing condition. When the orders come to destroy the trees and abandon the project, Freeman rebels and acts out to save the last remains of what Mother Nature had created billions of years ago. The last forest is saved, but it is of little import in the entire scheme of things when the final frame has flashed on the screen.

And the ecological angle is just one of many aspects of the movie that fail to jell as a whole, there are also the drones— squat, little robots that maintain the functions of the vessel and its precious cargo. They are by far the most noteworthy (and almost lovable) sci-fi elements to come along in some time. Scurrying around in the fashion of a Vaughn Boddy nightmare, the drones, according to director Trumbull, were the main impetus behind making an actual film of the storyline—yet even though the robots are the most fully emotional refrigerators to hit the screen since *Robby the Robot* in **FORBIDDEN PLANET**, they still fall short of their intended mark.

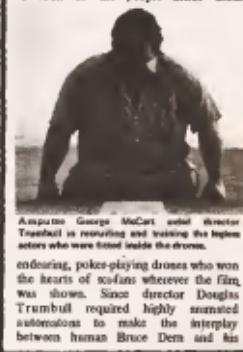
Accomplished psychopath Bruce Dern, straight from his role in **THE COWBOYS**

baser efforts such as **THE INCREDIBLE TWO-HEADED TRANSPLANT**, But Dern face shouldn't be too disillusioned, Bruce manages to kill off three co-workers and incapacitate one drone before the picture runs its final course.

Effect wise, Douglas Trumbull has

INSIDE THE DRONES

Thanks to a pair of pieces appearing in the September, 1971 issue of **ESQUIRE** and the July, 1972 issue of the **AMERICAN CINEMATOGRAPHER**, TMT now takes you behind the scenes for a look at the people inside those



George McCaughan, special effects supervisor, in reviewing and training the legible actors who were fitted inside the drones.

endearing, poker-playing drones who won the hearts of sci-fi fans wherever the film was shown. Since director Douglas Trumbull required highly animated automata to make the interplay between human Bruce Dern and his

"Silent Running"

BEHIND THE SCENES OF



mechanized colors really come to life, he decided to install real actors inside the artificial drones. And, since the drones themselves had to be smaller than protagonist Dern, Trumbull needed actors

who would be small enough to fit inside them.

Luckily for Trumbull, he met a man

Dern rehearses his lines, while Cheryl Tiegs holds on from her perch inside the drone. The two can't wait for the two actors all to play their robots picture start and never in a memorable performance.



who would—due to tragic circumstances—be ideal for playing the part of one of the drones. His name was George McCord and he had lost both legs in the Vietnam inventory. As it turned out, however, George was of too stocky a physique to fit inside the narrow drone but he was immediately hired as a consultant to help Director Trumbull round up and work with a cast of amputees. Trumbull and McCord wasted no time in recruiting the drone crew.

When the recruitment and testing had ended, Trumbull had his three actors who, although they themselves would not

again turn in a safty assortment of special effects ala 2001, albeit not so elegant as the Kubrick effort. Emulating the ODYSSEY format very closely, the elaborate spaceships and vehicles look incredibly well—even though Trumbull says he made them from plastic model tank and ship parts.



Director Doug Trumbull gets behind his many cameras to keep up front-projection unit and film live foreground action against a front-projected background. Huh?

So all in all, though turned in for one tenth of 2001's budget, SILENT RUNNING is certainly a more ambitious and even more effective yarn than the sprawling, ambiguous SPACE ODYSSEY which still has everyone guessing. For even though SILENT RUNNING may present several unexplained concepts, at least they are understandable and, of course, enjoyable to any science-fiction film enthusiast.

• JIM WNOROSKI

The indomitable director of *2001* appears in *SILENT RUNNING* with screen amputee actor working the controls.



been seen by screen audiences, would have such crucial roles in the film. The three were Steve Brown, a 15-year-old boy who had lost his legs in a train accident nine years before, Larry Whisenhunt, 16, and Mark Persons, 12, both of whom had been born minus legs. After being instructed in how to operate the drones that would act as their temporary shins, Brown, Whisenhunt, and Persons proved that they were indeed just the men for the job. In fact, Mark Persons enjoyed his celluloid stint so much that he has since joined the Screen Actors Guild!

The Monster Times Teletype

... Prints news, reviews, previews, goss-festus ferreted out by BILL FERET, Monstertown's answer to Rome Barret. Bill is in show-biz; a singer, dancer, actor and has many contacts in the domain of Entertainment, films, TV, live stage, and all like that. Where other monsterpups get news to you months after a film's already been released, Bill Feret's TELETYPE lines up to its name, and reveals to you info of horror flicks & cetera when they're still only in production. Impress friend and friend with inside info on monster movies that hasn't even been made yet! Gosharootie, gang!

Holy Hannah! Er, excuse me, unholly Hannah. Currently riding before the cameras is a production called HANNAH — QUEEN OF THE VAMPIRES. (Why on earth, Hannah?)

Faith Domergue, heroine extraordinaire of CULT OF THE CORSA, THIS ISLAND EARTH, THE ATOMIC MAN, ETC., is starring in a new flick entitled SO EVIL MY SISTER, Susan Strasberg and Sydney Chaplin co-star. Keep the Faith, baby!

BEN, uncool to WILLARD, is doing well in New York and it's every bit as good as its predecessor. The film opens with the last grisly and grottoesque minutes of WILLARD, and that's a lot of grins and glue to start a film out with... RATDAN!

Also keep an eye (or two or three) out for an any-mission with Filmakers Ltd. production of the occult opus MOON CHILD. Veteran villain John Carradine stars with Janet Landgard and Mark Tronic.

James Caan, son of THE GODFATHER, will have the lead role in MGM's SLITHER. It's been described as a contemporary-comedy-suspense thriller. That's where you screen with a smile.

"Ya dance divinely. If I had my clients on, I'd show ya how we do Brooklyn Stomp."



Two beauties are better than one... unless, of course, they happen to belong to Abbott and Costello, who are about to marry but in heavy-handed terms. The new Jerry & Hyde dance team will have to wait until Abbott's resurrected, though, before they get the chance to kill it again.

There'll be a new song-and-dance team called... prepare yourself... "THE JERRY, AND MEL HYDE." That's right, folks. The grousing twosome are fitting the old vaudeville trait, via Lionel Bart's new television special for Timex starring Kirk Douglas. Mr. Bart, you'll recall, did

the musicalization of BEIYEE and the score for QUASIMODO. Shall we confuse a bit? ... a anthology of "Hey, There" ... or, "I enjoy Being a Pair" ... or, "By Durand" ... "Me and my Shadow" ... or "Can I Turn (into)" Pick one, all or... none.

MEIR C. COOPER'S **KING KONG** The Original Uncut Version

New York's Elgin Cinema, Eighth Avenue and 19th Street, will present their annual summer film festival from July 12 through September 26. TMT readers will be happy to know that the festival includes a smattering of monster freaks. Special play dates: the classic THE GOLEM on July 25-26, Fritz Lang's son-of-monsterpiece METROPOLIS and his chemic thriller M on July 20 and 21 and, on Aug 22 and 23, two horror

The granddaddy of all monster movies is back in Meir Cooper's KING KONG. Despite numerous technical fancies in the nearly 40 prints, the film is still a sheer delight to its soul, sense and sensory re-

menn unopposed.

THE CABINET OF DOCTOR CALIGARI and the original Dracula... NORFERATU Admission price is \$1.50 and 6 pm Monday through Saturday and 8 pm Sunday and 10:30 pm Monday through Saturday. For additional information, call 675-0835 and tell 'em The Monster Times sent you.

R.A.L.



CON-CALENDAR

DATE	CONVENTION	LOCATION	PRICE	FEATURES
July 29-30	FanCon '72 2117 Chel Blvd. Norfolk, Va. 23509	COMMODORE MAURY HOTEL Norfolk, Va.	\$2.50 or infinite for both days \$2 a day at door	Kelly Frees, Vicent Feherty exhibit, movies, comic books
July 30-31	CHICAGO COMIC CON Nancy Wener 1738 North Broadway Chestnut Hill, Ill.	PICK-UP CONGRESS HOTEL Chicago, Ill. Congress & Michigan Aves.	\$1.50 a day	Walt as a Nostalgia Con, with exhibits on comics, pinups, locanda radio programs and toys
Sept. 1-4	L.A. CON 30th World Sci Con PO Box 1 Santa Monica, Calif.	LOS ANGELES Inter. Hotel Los Angeles, Calif.	one dollar, resistant ad- mission	This biggest sci con of the year with most of comics in attendance and movies.
Nov. 26-26	FANTASY FILM FANS CON PO Box 74866 Los Angeles, Calif.	AMBASSADOR HOTEL Los Angeles, Calif.	\$15 at door \$8 1/2 HR	72 hours of fantasy films, Ray Stramer, DC Fontana, Bob Black

THE CON-CALENDAR is a special exclusive feature of THE MONSTER TIMES. Across the year load of us are quaint and curious gatherings of specialty concern. The gathering called "conventions," and the ones called "fests," deserve the attention of fan and non-fan alike, hence this trail-blazing trailer service.

To those readers who've never been to one of our fan-bredminded affairs, we recommend it.

Characters of such events put them down by saying that they're just a bunch of cartoonists and science fiction authors and comic book publishers talking, and arguing arguments for free who, like me, manage, spend time and effort on comic books, science fiction and science movies alike. But that's just the reason for going. If you want a couple of gleeful pictures of Deonda or King Kong, or a 1943 copy of Astley Crossin (Gosh alone knows why)

or if you wish to see classic horror and science fiction films, or meet the stars of old time movie serials, or today's top comic book artist and writers... or if you just want to meet other roaster or comic science fiction freaks, like yourself, then you're in the right place. OR, if you want to meet the affable descended ladies who bring out THE MONSTER TIMES, go ahead and visit one of these conventions. We dare ya!

FANCON '72 TO BE GIANT FUNCON!

They're holding a book in Virginia, and it's all aimed. The book is FANCON '72, the first series convention to be held in Norfolk, Virginia in a long, long time. It's gonna be a convention with loads of stuff, enough for five days, but low and loose, so you're re-visiting it into two, July 29th and 30th.

FANCON '72 is the brain storm of Pat Gabriele Jr., who's producing it in conjunction with United Civic Leard Foundation. What's it gonna cost you to go? evens? The son is living large at the spacious Commodore Maury Hotel in Norfolk, Virginia this last weekend in July. The hotel rates are dirt cheap, \$8 a night, and the room rates are reasonable in a similar bargain. \$25.00 or less. Advance tickets for both days, \$2 a day at the door.

And you won't believe what they are offering for the pittoresque group is offering. There will be an art show which will blow your eyes out, art loans, art. Perhaps the group like Vicent Feherty and Kelly Frees will be on display. They'll be showing movies around the clock and the projections room will be brimming with such legends as PEGGY GORDON and BOB LEE. And don't forget the art auction the extraction freaks emerged in.

Planet attendees are Holly Wood, Nancy Leekin, Steve Harper, Sam Granger, Tom Arneson, and MT Braxton. Mike Kaluta and Frank Braxton. And, of course, Kelly Frees.

For information, write to Pat Gabriele Jr. at 3117 Chel Blvd., Norfolk, Virginia 23509. Or there.

Tonorrow Entertainment company has several mighty provocative titles lined up for the Television full-length movies, among them GARGOYLES, THE FABULOUS DR. FABLE and SUFFER A WITCH. These last three are scheduled for FOX, who you remember is putting on UPN!

Even though James R. Nicholson is no longer behind the helm of AIP with *Ark of the Ark*, he'll be producing his own titles under his 20th Century Fox banner. Already scheduled for production are THE THOUSAND YEAR MAN and HELL HOUSE.



THE THINGS WITH TWO HEADS starring Ray Milland and Roslyn Gleis should be unleashed upon us presently. (You don't suppose Ray and Rosy each play a head?) AIP will release.

AIP has *Ace Glorious Gardner* in the title role of THE DEVIL'S WIDOW, formerly titled TAMLIN. This has been shelved for sometime now, but will be released in mid-September. Ian McShane co-stars.

Some current items in production are ARE OF THE DEAD, shooting in L.A., *Filmmakers International's* MIND-SWEEPERS, and *DR. DEATH: SEEKER OF SOULS* by (Hannemann,J.D.D. Productions).

"TOTALLY ILLOGICAL"

Columbia pictures will be coming to New York for location shooting of Donald E. Westlake's successor WHO'S BEEN MURDERING IN MY BED?

My, My and Still They Keep Coming... NIGHT OF THE BLOODY APES, THE VIRGIN WITCH (is there another kind?) and NIGHT OF THE LEPUS (formerly RABBITS) are all scheduled for release within the next few weeks.

Screen Gordon Ressler is planning a remake of the classic SINBAD THE SAILOR. LEAVING will take place principally in Spain.

French director, Claude Brasseur, has an upcoming film for release with the intriguing title of THE MAN WITH THE GRAFTED SKULL. (Don't they know graft never pays... or does it?)

Last Chance production (T) is shooting SWEET, MEAN AND DEADLY on location in the Arizona desert.

DAY OF THE JACKEL, now filming in Europe, has the lovely Delphine Seyrig as its heroine. You might have seen Miss Seyrig in the incredibly awful Vampire film, DAUGHTERS OF DARKNESS. Film concerns a plot to assassinate French Premier, Charles DeGaulle, who died a natural death.

Speaking of awful, a London company, is bringing to the screen a film entitled OOH... YOU ARE AWFUL.

The Japanese Society will present a series of Japanese horror and science fiction on Friday evenings in July and August. On July 14 BAKUMATSU will be screened, on July 28 ODD AFFINITY, August 4 KARAKURI and August 21 KRAKANDA. The films begin at 7:30 on the premises at the Japan House, 333 E. 47 st., New York. Admission \$2. Call 12121212-1115 for more info.

Peter Rosen and Mark D'Antuono have gone into pre-production on their collaboration of THE CASE AGAINST ORG. It's a dark comedy about a 26-year-old man trying to cope with existence in New York. (Aren't we all?)

Roman Polanski, your recall! ROSEMARY'S BABY and THE FEARLESS VAMPIRE KILLERS, has scheduled for his next effort WHAT. (That's the title folks.)



STAR TREK TO RETURN ...MAYBE?

NBC executives have been approached by Gene Roddenberry to produce a pilot for a new version of STAR TREK. Mr. Roddenberry has retained just only the projected pilot episode aspect of the project.

Gene has, apparently, been approached by NBC to "reboot" on film, and there shouldn't be any reason why he can't do it. Let's face it, he and Paramount know that names made and out, and of the technical problems that would ensue with another "Enterprise" pilot, and the executives ready to move forward with the new STAR TREK. Getting their hopes up, to me at least, with the possibility of them being dashed upon the asteroids would be a little too much to take. If after all that presentation it might fall through, maybe a spin-off movie could be in the works at NBC would help. If they can't trust Gene Roddenberry by now, they're worse bozos than we think they are.

I can't go on... But for my wonderful fans I must... so... Knocking them dead (forgive me)... Boston (T) is the incredible TRIPLE BILL... IT'S BETTER AIR DOWN... CORPSE GRINDERS... THE UNDERTAKE AND HIS PALS... and THE EMBALMERS (Honest, I wouldn't make it up.)

All right, all right, so you want a little more for your money... honest-to-God... Jack H. (DINOSAURS) Harrel production of BONE, or the chiller thriller THE DEAD ARE ALIVE (ounds like most of my friend or a gory hors d'oeuvre from Warner's called DELIVERANCE, with Bert 'the body' Reynolds and Jon Voight. Give a week or two before delivery)

(Please forgive, I only report what I find...) Belated (T) Production has underway a feature film entitled DEATH HEAD VIGILANT shooting in... Mondo (T) with these wonderful fonscous Dan McSorley, Jack Gaynor and Larry Ward (T)... (What do you think has the title role?) Well anyway... See ya next abo. B.F.

CONQUEST OF THE PLANET of the APES

Continued from page 15

confined to the same general, unclearly defined area.

In addition to lacking the sense of the other films, the quality of the direction is also inferior. Under J. Lee Thompson's erratic handling, the film's pace begins to lag somewhere after the midway point, becoming particularly evident in the scenes of revolt which run far too long and unconvincingly. The film tends to strain itself for the sake of melodrama.

In no better place is this reflected than in the hammy, self-conscious acting—particularly that of Ben Murray as the evil antagonist, Han Rhodes as the apparently only worthwhile human left is

somewhat more restrained, but I suspect this is due more to the lacklusterness of his role than to his actual talents.

In the final analysis though, the ultimate problem lies in the increasingly less enthusiastic, more gimmick-oriented approach obviously geared to exploring our interest just enough so we will shell out for the next sequel (did we say that?—Ed.)

■—Allen Brandman

(There you have it, two highly differing perspectives on the still-raging CONTROVERSY OF THE PLANET OF THE APES. We at TMT think these diverse views prove three things beyond a shadow of a doubt. One, that people like to give their opinions; Two, that ultimately it is all a matter of taste; and Three, that it takes all kinds. And so do we — Ed.)

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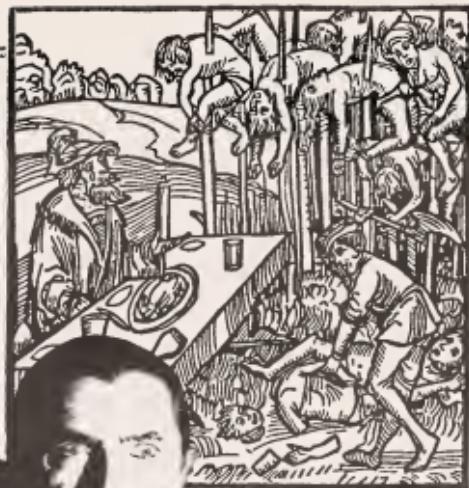
"Dy!" worries the Count, "they're here already and we've got nobody to work the吸血鬼
concerned?" But rest easy! Both can't hold a candle to the creativity of the REAL Dracula.

Nowadays, it seems like you never can tell where your favorite fiend might pop up next. Just peel those peepers and take a fearful look around! Today you'll see the WEREWOLF in mouth-wash commercials! KING KONG for Volkswagen! SUPERMAN in soapad promos!... Monster T-shirts, monster jokes, monster model kits, monsters even competing for your girlfriend! There are Transylvanians on TV,

Madison Ave! There are bats in the belfry, Zombies on Broadway and (eek!!!) roaches in the sink! And it seems like wherever you go nowadays, the media-mad-ad-men are always out in full force trying to get their claws on you! So, in keeping with the current revival of things macabre, all the eerie ephemera that's been appearing lately in places where madmen normally fear to tread will be duly reported in our brand new irregular column, THE MONSTER SCENE, by your friendly fiends-in-the-fields at TMT.

To kick off the Monster Scene, we are giving the entire first column to Pan-Am's earth-trembling announcement of a ghoulish guided tour they have recently inaugurated called SPOTLIGHT ON DRACULA, An Adventure In Transylvania. Sounds strange, eh? Vacations, read on there's a quite a bit at stake for you in this tour of Transylvania's Tombland.

According to a Pan-Am publicity release, "Beginning in September, Pan American World Airways will be offering a tour which encompasses with a fine sense of humor will



The original Dracula, a former Romanian ruler, was buried by many just because he liked a little entertainment along with his naps. While the tour package may not have standards by today's standards, remember—they didn't have radars or TV's back then!

SPOTLIGHT ON DRACULA

An Adventure
in Transylvania

BY JOE KANE

enjoy sinking their teeth into an 18-day fully-explored romp through middle Europe called "Spotlight on Dracula." Whether Pan-Am copywriters are using the word "fine" to denote "good" or whether they're employing it to mean "slight," it is not made clear in their copy. But regardless of that, there can be no denying that the tour they are offering is certainly a unique one.

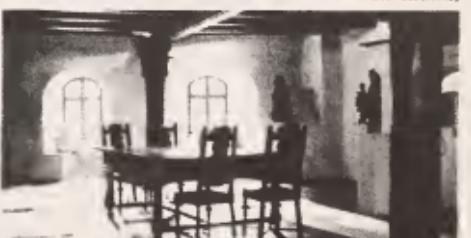
Transylvania is, for the benefit of

named Vlad Dracula, "whose cruelties," according to Pan-Am personnel, "during his short life earned him the name 'son of the devil'."

Escorting the tourists will be "accredited scholars" who will serve as guides through the "dense forests, quaint villages and craggy moors of Transylvania." The tour package includes a multi-city trip through "Desecropolis" which is scheduled to take place before the plane leaves New York. This entails an illustrated lecture on "Dracula, the Man and the Myth" by professors Radu R. Florescu and Raymond T. McNally (authors of a book entitled "In Search of Dracula") plus a documentary film featuring Chris Lee. Following this, the tour really starts to get off the ground—and the Pan-Am plane finally leaves for Transylvania.

Once in Romania, the vacationers are led by the nose (the very same one they've just got finished paying through) to the aforementioned site of Dracula's Palace at Piatra, his tomb at Snagov (which was, incidentally, exhumed in 1932, only to be found eerily empty!) as well as sightseeing and shopping visits to the resort towns of Brasov, Sibiu, Sighisoara, Targu Mures, Putna, Piatra Neamt, and Bacau. Pan-Am's Transylvanian vampire hunt will be departing from New York 16 times between September 8, 1972 and October 20, 1973, including a special Christmas flight on December 23, 1972. The trip lasts 18 days.

One alienating factor that will alarm most TMTers is the price of the tour. When the charges for airfare, land tours, first-class hotel accommodations, most meals, farewell whistling, escort services, sightseeing, transfers, tips and taxes are all totalled up, they amount to a rather staggering \$935 per vampire hunter. And from June 15 through August 17 the price rises to \$995. Do you think Dracula would shell out close to a thousand fangs to see your tomb, or, if you happen to be still among the living, your run-down apartment in the Lower East Side? We think not! However,



This sparsely furnished room in Brasov Castle was said to be Dracula's dining quarters, where the Count would brood over madhouse needs and get drunk on quantities of cheap red wine!

the uninformed, located in Romania and the Spotlight on Dracula tour includes stopovers at Bucharest (a city founded by the original DRACULA in 1459), Snagov (the site of Dracula's tomb), Piatra (where his former palace is situated), and other Romanian towns of interest to the Grand Vampire's legions of fans. The original Dracula referred to above was a 15th century Romanian ruler

if money is no object, you might want to contact Pan-Am for your FREE brochure. In that case, happy hunting! As for the rest of us... well, we hear they'll be re-running DRACULA on the late, late show sometime this summer, so be sure to catch it. Won't your friends be jealous when they discover that they missed it because they were romping around Transylvania at the time?

TMT's ace media man R. Allen Leider is here to report on a couple of new fright flicks, FROGS and THE DEAD ARE ALIVE. We'd like to say that these films merit the MT APE OF APPROVAL but unfortunately for them, Mr. Leider has turned thumbs down on both. In fact, he turned his thumbs down so far that it took two burly MT staffers and several hours of hard work to pry them loose from the used bubble gum, spilled soda, and other sticky substances coating the movie house floor!



THE FROG

CROAKS AT MIDNITE!!

By R. ALLEN LEIDER

"I can't talk just now," croaks flesheating frog. "I've got a people in my throat."

easily guessable by even the youngest horror movie fan. PLOT: a number of members of a large southern family are trapped in their mansion on the eve of the patriarch's birthday. What traps them is the wildlife in the surrounding bayou. The reason for the revolt is the ecological destruction of the bayou by the paper mill the family runs. The army marches upon the humans—not just frogs, but snakes, moths, spiders, lizards, crabs, fish... you name it and it's revolting. What is also revolting is the picture Ray Milland, who we thrilled to in MAN WITH THE X-RAY EYES, is wasted in this flick.

Milland will soon be seen in THING WITH TWO HEADS Let's hope that "Two Heads" are better than this one (oops!). Also wasted is a budget and several thousand feet of perfectly good movie film. Copycat thrillers such as this must be made with more care because they have something to live up to and FROGS fails the acid test.

What destroys it more than the lack of originality or theme is the unimaginative dialogue (once JESSE TV soap opera fans: better wait until THE BIRDS is run again on TV). FROGS is certainly

state of indecency. In other words a feeling of fear and curiosity that horror fans thirst for. The terror that rages a frog in your throat. FROGS rages nothing to your throat, save a feeling of impending nausea. A truly "RETCHED" film!

The cast, except for Milland, is relatively new to films and may have thought that this one was a practice session. So did the director. But why

The message seems odds to swallow this body without the skin. Neither the frogs, their croaking efforts, or human victims could wash up any enthusiasm in this latest AIP fiasco.



No, FROGS is not about French vampires or French ghosts or French anything. It is THE BIRDS with worms. The story is flat and dull and events are

husband, are puzzled. The audience is puzzled. Why did they go to see this? The police are not puzzled. They suspect Alex. Why? Because he is an alcoholic. Who else is there to suspect? Samantha is too pretty, John Marley is too honest (remember her in LOVE STORY?). Then things really begin to slow down. There is a bedroom scene with Alex and Samantha teasing each other. Another double murder. A lot of yawning. Then the police capture the mad assassin.

Now the question is, how did this



THE DEAD ARE ALIVE and as well as can be expected in this Italian-made monstrosity "horror" flick. The dead seem to be sharing a last laugh over the useless antics of the cast, through, as skeleton at left extends bony hand in pre-tel "giving foot" gesture.

trash get released? National General, who distributes it, is so embarrassed by it that they didn't even hold a press screening and rumor has it that they would like to get it off the market entirely after a short initial run. It is a gross disappointment. There are no living dead, no zombies, monsters, spooks, etc. Only a few badly supered shots of Tuchulka's eyes in the tomb. Boo! What the plot, a curse on a tomb, has to do with Alex and Sam in bed, or Sam's scared chest or so much of the real mystery.

Alex and John and Samantha deserve better than this. They are talented professionals who shouldn't be wasted on such drivel. Who wrote it? The director, of course, Armando Crispino. How's that grab you? I suspect he finished the film and left it at National General's door in a basket with a roll of twine and a nose. The minor players are just that—and for obvious reasons. The camera work is run-of-the-mill acceptable and editing only possible. The title is completely misleading. This film didn't need a press screening, it needed a bonfire. THE DEAD ARE ALIVE makes the living who sell out two bucks to see it wish they were dead. SAVE YOUR BREAD!!!

RUSTY ETRUSCANS

THE DEAD ARE ALIVE and turning over in their graves if they know about this film. It is a good example of time, money, talent and effort being buried alive. Shot on the site of an Etruscan village and boasting of an immense research into the nature of Etruscan religion and civilization, the film plods mercilessly to a disappointing finale.

Alex Cord is an archeologist digging in some Etruscan tombs. He discovers the tomb of the demon god Tuchulka and is warned of evil to come. Cord ignores the warning, and if the audience is smart they'll ignore the whole thing. Naturally a series of murders follows. Cord is puzzled. Samantha Eggar, who plays his girlfriend and John Marley who plays his



The ancient Etruscan demon god, Tuchulka, peers out of his tomb for an instant to see if anything of interest is happening. Well... better luck next time.



Continued from page 5

woods a smirking sound came from behind a tree. Stalking around it were two legs, hairy and wolf-like. The face was half-man, half-wolf, grotesquely disfigured by the worst qualities of both. The baying of the wolf was heard as the werewolf scurried through the brush and came to a gravedigger in a cemetery, shoveling the last of the dirt into a grave. Then a monstrous snarling sound escaped from the creature as it pointed on its instant victim. The gravedigger before was hardly a contest. The werewolf sank sharp, deadly claws into the man's flesh and feasted on the streams of blood pouring from the man's piping wound. Again the sound of a wolf rose above all other night sounds, haying in bloodbath and feast.

Hours later Capt. Montford, Dr. Lloyd, and a group of villagers found the body of the gravedigger. Dr. Lloyd concluded that the man had been killed in the same manner as Jenny Williams had been and by the same means: a wild animal. Capt. Montford found animal tracks near the body, identifying them as wolfprints.

In the Talbot home, Larry came to on his bed. His clothes were disheveled from the ordeal of the night before. Going to the window, he found wolfprints leading all the way from outside into his room to the bed. Horrified, he worked on them and all traces had disappeared. Shortly after this his father came in and cheered,



is a fury
of unleashed
bestiality.
Larry Talbot
gave us the
thrill of the
unseen for
years... .

Life is very simple. They decide this is good, that's bad. This is wrong, that's right. No shadings and grays, all blacks and whites." Here Larry interrupted to say that Paul Montford was like that. Sir John agreed and went on, "Now others of us find life more complicated, more many-sided, complex things. We try to see every side. The more we see the less sure we are. Now you ask me if I believe a man can become a wolf, if you mean can he take on the physical characteristics of an animal, no, it's fantastic. But I do believe that most anything can happen to a man in his own mind." Sir John paused, saying it was time for church. "You know, Larry," he began, "belief in the hereafter is a very healthy counterbalance

hailed some who believed him guilty of the murders had in their faces. It was so hard that Larry could no longer stand it and moved quickly out of the building and down the street.

A DOOMED EXISTENCE!

Later that day Capt. Montford and Sir John had another discussion. Capt. Montford considered sending the evidence he had acquired to Scotland Yard, but Sir John felt there could be no question as to the tracks truly being those of a regular wolf. Capt. Montford was especially worried about all the talk of werewolves and voiced his thoughts as Larry came down to join them. Sir John told Larry they had been discussing the wolf tracks and asked him to roaming the countryside. Larry told them it wasn't a wolf but a werewolf. They all were startled by this but Montford said he could be right and jokingly said it would be nice to have one over a collection of animal heads. Larry was temporarily overtaken by anger and almost went for the man, but controlled himself in time as Dr. Lloyd said they shouldn't joke about the all-too-serious matter. Larry faced the doctor again, "Do you believe in werewolves?"

The man said he believed a man could imagine he was anything if driven to madness by too many pressures. He went on to quote many cases that had appeared in the past often caused by self-hypnosis. The doctor said he'd never really seen a werewolf before and science had in the past received explanations proving they could never exist except in

people's superstitions minds. Larry asked the doctor if these people could be cured. Montford broke in that they'd better get off in a hospital for the insane, but Dr. Lloyd claimed anyone willing could be helped. Frank Andrews decided to go set some traps while the others were trying to figure out the mystery. Capt. Montford agreed to go with him, replying, "We might not find anything more than a dimmed mind, but even that might be interesting."

When he had gone Sir John told the doctor he did not like what he heard and about trying to talk to Larry. Dr. Lloyd told him that Larry was a sick man and needed to take a vacation away from the pressures of the village. Sir John didn't, however, go along with that. He said, "You're talking like a witch doctor. My son is ill and the best place for him is in his own house." Dr. Lloyd asked Sir John if his family meant more than his son's health but Sir John pushed it off as nonsense. "The one way for him to get cured is to stay here and fight his way out of this."

Later in the woods villagers led by Capt. Montford and Frank Andrews set traps for the wolf. Later that night the baying of a wolf was heard as Larry Talbot, in werewolf form, again roamed about in search of fresh victims. In the distance a pack of dogs barked as they scoured for the scent of the wolf. The werewolf, meanwhile, came upon a trap and became caught in its grip. Down on the ground, the beast put up a frenzied effort to free himself, straggling in great terror and desperation. Farther away Frank Andrews lost the trail of the wolf, so Capt. Montford told him to take a group

Continued on next page



only to be interrupted by a righteous Sir John, who headed home to his wife, to be brought down on the hapless Wolfman, who lay on four and screaming. . .

"Good morning, Larry." Sir John then went on to say that Richardson, the gravedigger, had been killed that night adding that, "The tracks lead up to this house." Strangely enough, Larry next asked about the story of a man turning into a wolf. "It's an old legend," replied Sir John. "You know, sometimes it's in the fables of nearly every nation. The scientific name for it is baryanthropy. It's a technical expression of something that's very simple. The good and evil in every man's soul. In this case the evil takes the shape of an animal."

Larry suddenly became paralytic and asked his father if he believed in the years "Larry," he said, "for some people

in all the conflicting doubts man is plagued with these days," and asked him to go along with him.

Outside the church the villagers talked of the incident that happened the night before. Jenny's mother claimed there wasn't an animal and that it was strange how the man had been killed so easily with Larry Talbot's arrival. A village man quizzed her down, saying it was an Godly to say such things. The church organ started playing a calm, somewhat sad tune as Larry and Sir John Talbot parked their automobile and got out. As Larry headed down through the rows of people, unfriendly faces turned to stare up at him. Larry could feel the tension and



... until his suffering and torment are ended by the death that now seems unknown, putting to an end an unnatural existence ruled by this cruel and agonizing curse of the Moors.

of villagers and search down a different route.

A few hours later Maleva headed through the woods in her wagon. Crossing over the hills she could see the moon less than her eyes over the beast as the dawn began approaching. Knowing he now would be harmless, she, in a mood of sad agony, beat over the werewolf and repeated the strange chant: "The way you walk is theory, through on foot of your own. But as the man turns the soil, the river enters the sea, so tears run to a predetermined end. Find peace for a moment, my son."

Suddenly the werewolf charged back into the forest from Larry Talbot. After a moment of stillness, Larry came to and asked what the woman was doing there and how had he gotten there himself. Maleva said, "Hurry, the dogs. They are hunting you!" Larry leaped off into the woods towards his home while, in the distance, the yelping of several dogs mixed in with the night's eerie spell. Suddenly, as Larry reached the edge of his town, he stopped and asked who it was. The villagers then saw it was Larry and asked what he was doing there. Larry quickly replied he had been out hunting the animal like everyone else and quickly walked off. Capt. Montford came out and asked who he was talking with. Frank Andrews asked who was there next and Montford answered, "Larry Talbot," in a confused, puzzled tone of voice.

THE PREDESTINED END!

Larry got back into town sometime later and went to Goochille's shop. In the window high over the building was Gwen's room. Taking a handful of rocks in his hands, Larry threw them lightly at the window in hopes of breaking Gwen. She saw him before and made her way downstairs to the front door of the shop. "I'm going away," Larry said. Gwen asked him if he was leaving town and he replied that he couldn't take it there any longer. Gwen said she could help him but Larry said she wouldn't want to go away with a murderer. He insisted he had killed Bela Richardson, the gravedigger, and knew how many more. Larry was fearful for Gwen and intimated that she might even be his next victim. She told him she still had the charm for protection, too. "What way are you going?" Bela suddenly became hot in her palm and saw the pentagram? See us to be the next victim when he becomes a werewolf after all! Gwen said and she couldn't see anything when her father suddenly burst into the room. Gwen told Mr. Goochille that she was going with Larry, but the one caused by lycanthropy moaned in agony and ran out and down the street.

Later that night Larry went into the living room of Talbot Castle to talk with his father. "Father, I've got to get away from here," he said. "Bela the gypsy was a werewolf. I killed him with that silver

replied Dr. Lloyd. "It takes a silver bullet for a werewolf."

Back where the old gypsy woman sat, Gwen suddenly appeared before her from the darkness and asked if she'd seen Larry. "Mates," she told her, "to go through the woods, the hunt was on. Gwen said she'd have to find him, but Maleva cried, "Come with me or he will find you!" Without another word, Gwen rushed into the woods.

Meanwhile, Larry had again become the Werewolf and now wandered madly through the woods, growling hideously. Gwen walked not far from him, coming closer and closer with every step. Suddenly the werewolf lunged towards her and grabbed the poor girl by the throat as a森森 broke loose from the unchristian new victim. The werewolf choked and shook Gwen in a terrifying hold while more screams broke from her throat. Gwen seemed dead.

Suddenly Sir John came into the clearing and saw the horrible happening. With the aid of the silver-headed spear, Sir John and Gwen were helped and pulled the dead over from Goochille's shop. Gwen saw her from his grasp barely in time. Sir John struggled with the werewolf, finally managing to pin it down while he pounded the silver blade down hard once and over again on the wolf's body until it fell into the waiting arms of death and slumped lifeless to the hard ground beneath.

"The way you walked was theory," shouts Maleva, "through no fault of your own. But as the man enters the soil, the river enters the sea, so tears run to a predetermined end. Your suffering is over. Now you will find peace for eternity." As she turned away, Sir John and Gwen once again looked down at his son and freely allowed his tears to flow. From a distance away Capt. Montford called the rest of the men to come where Sir John was. Frank Andrews saw Gwen and went to her side, asking if she was alright and relieved to find that she was. Capt. Montford found Sir John over the body of Larry. "The wolf must have attacked her," he said, "and Larry came to her rescue. I'm sorry, Sir John." Gwen called the dead man's name and cried when she realized the truth.

Dare more, the seemingly impossible had shaken mankind's rational beliefs and made us all seem as mere specks in the void, helpless in the grip of things forever beyond our control.

"The way you walked was theory," shouts Maleva, "through no fault of your own. But as the man enters the soil, the river enters the sea, so tears run to a predetermined end. Your suffering is over. Now you will find peace for eternity." THE WOLF-MAN IS NO MORE!



The Monster Times



COMICORNER

Comes in a formy business. It's hard enough for the fans to figure out, but when you add in the new professionals in the field to help, they are usually just as confused as the fans.

In an effort to sell better fans and press in their field, THE MONSTER TIMES is forced to introduce the team's new column on comic news, written by Paul Levitz. In his spare time, Paul writes with ECTETERA AND THE COMIC READER, a magazine for comic book readers on comic that Paul gets from the editors and publishers in the comic business.



I GOT MY JOB THROUGH THE PULPS DEPT. Two heroes from the old pulp magazines TMT No. 45, Doc Savage and the Shadow, will be back in contact form. The Shadow, who appears in both radio and pulps, will be done by National Lampoon's O'Malley. GREEN HORNET, Peter Fonda, will do the radio script, and the new pulps will be doing DOC SAVAGE, whose adventures have recently been reprinted in paperback form by Bantam, will be written by Roy Thomas and drawn by Andru and Mooney. It should be on the stands next.

HORROR COMICS DEPT. Skyskull Comics has announced the release of two horror comics for their black & white magazine line. The PULP HORROR annual should be out already but I haven't heard of my newstand. So! Brody, by the way, is no longer with that firm. All newstanders is their new editor.

SHEENA LIVES DEPT. There are a few new books coming from the Marvel Comics Group this summer. One is THE CAT, written by Linda Fite and illustrated by the old E.C. Comics team

of Marie Severin and Wally Wood. Next is NIGHT NURSE, a girl's title, written by Jean Thomas and drawn by Wim Mortier, a Golden Age artist. Rounding out this threesome of new series is SHANNA, JUNGLE SHE-DEVIL. Anytime you mention a character like the name of Sheena from the Golden Age, Oh well, script by Carol Sedaka and art by George (IRON MAN) Tuska. On the spooky side, the Marvel gang is unleashing two more titles, originally planned for 1971: JOURNEY INTO MYSTERY and CHAMBER OF CHILLS. Each issue will include one adaptation of a story by a Sci-Fi writer. Already signed up for the first issue are Ray Bradbury, Philip K. DICK, ROBERT ("PSYCHO") BLOCK, H.P. LOVECRAFT, the science fiction of TED ("IT") STURGEON, and the weird & sordid of ROBERT E. HOWARD.

WINNERS DEPT. The winners of the 1971 Comic Art Fan Awards were announced on July 1. The winners are: Favorite Pro Artist - Neal Adams; Favorite Pro Writer - Denby O'Malley;

Favorite Pro Editor - Stan Lee; Favorite Pro Comic Book Cover - The MUMMY TMT #1; Favorite Underground Comix: The Collected Freak Brothers; Favorite Comic Book Story - "Tower Of The Elephants"; First Comic - A Favorite Comic Strip - CLOTHESLINE; Best Comic Book - The Buyer's Guide; Favorite Fan Writer - Terry Isabelle (one of Terry's stories for MT appeared in No. 12); AND Favorite Fan Artist - Richard Corben.

SENNIES DEPT. - WONDER WOMAN No. 262 introduces two female characters from science-fiction novels, FAIRFAX AND THE GRAY INQUISITOR.

KIRBY KALENDAR: The big news over at National is certainly Kirby. In this month, JACK KIRBY is doing new titles, THE DEMON (which you're already seen) and KAMANDI, THE LAST BOY ON EARTH. At the same time, FOREVER PEOPLE and THE NEW GODS have been dropped. Both of the new titles will be monthly very soon.



INVINCIBLE NEWS DEPT. Gold Key has brought out the first issue of a sword & sorcery title, DAGAR THE INVINCIBLE. New York will have trouble finding it, since Gold Key's regular distribution belt I strongly advise them to keep a sharp eye out for it. The scripting is good (Dan Sadowski, I believe) and the art by Jerry Sadoski is excellent.

CHEAP COMICS DEPT. Gold Key has released an issue of FRIDAY FOSTER. This is of interest because the Dell titles have been all reprint work to now. This book has 32 pages of original material. It's supposed to cost about 25¢ in most other branches, costs only 15 cents and does not have the Comics Code Seal on it. I wonder what their secret is?

The Monster Fan Fair

THE MONSTER TIMES FAN FAIR is another reader service of MT. Care to buy, sell or trade movie stills, old comics or tapes of old radio programs? Or maybe buy or advertise a fan-produced magazine? An ad costs only 10 cents per word (minimum, 25 words).

Make all checks and money orders payable to THE MONSTER TIMES, Box 595, Old Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y. 10011. We reserve the right to refuse ads which would not be deemed appropriate to our publication.

Wanted: Pictures of and stories, movies & TV shows by Darren, Dennis, and/or "The" (the last three names). Send to: Captain Pi Valley Station, N.Y. 15551.

Wanted: Old EC Horror Comics, especially 3-D ones. See MT. Send your bills. Send price list to Gary Sano, 1000 Remsen Dr., Astoria, N.Y. 11102.

Charles Cassone, 612 Chestnut Street, Flushing, New Jersey 07023. Wanted: to meet potentially progressive, left, and liberal comic book freaks. Write me to write and exchange ideas.

Wanted: Dan Black, wooden, worn, spiny, spiky, 12 to 16 inches long, for a small man's big Donald's. Mail to: Steve 312 Burnett Ave., Jersey City, N.J. 07306.

"Star Trek Lives": A new sound color film in Brion insignia or 100cm optical. Four illustrations. Send \$10.00 to: Star Trek Lives, 6 Sunridge Road, Sprout Valley, N.Y. 12977.

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Science Fiction, horror and fantasy art. Any science item ever done over 20" x 24" inches in detailed art by film artists (not paintings). Send photo for exact dimensions & possible Allow 2 weeks for exact matching. Steve Fronberg, 3115 Atlantic Ave., Seaside Park, N.J. 07742.

WANTED: Old Aviation, military, space, original art, buttons, etc. everything. Write Wayne Laike, Calusa 610 Marine, 112 Riverside Dr. 10024.

PHOTON is the film that Jane Red (book) promised to her mother study of the life of the late James Bond. 8x10 photo \$10. All others: One dollar to Mark Frank, 901 Avenue "C," Brooklyn, N.Y. 11212.

L'INDUSTRIAL CINEMA, Britain's finest fantasy film magazine is now available to American Subscribers at \$8.00 per copy, and \$2.50 for three issues. Order now from Stenner and Bassett Verlag, 1017 Berlin Strasse, Philadelphia, Pa. 19149.

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WELL, THANK YOU IN ADVANCE—for sending us to run some of your fan mail in THE MONSTER TIMES. COLLECTORS out there, we are on the lookout for: comic books, action and fantasy dolls, pinheads, hobby cast, posters, and other visual gizmos with addicts to extremely esoteric interests. If you have any questions about your BECOME FAMOUS! send checklists of our publications to us, P.O. Box 595 Old Chelsea Station, New York City, N.Y. 10011. Include your address and Phone Number. Thank you.

RANTED: Members for a new Sci-Fi, Horror and Fantasy Club, will held Convention of Sci-Fi, etc. in late August. Please write to: Steve 312 Burnett Ave., Jersey City, N.J. 07306. Send \$1.00 to me to remember.

WANTED: Collector, editor, Publ., Photoengr., Monsters, Mod. Movie, Geography. Small items or \$10 for Insert to: Mastodon Books, 2706 Brighton Beach Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11235.

WANTED: Books on Monsters make-up techniques. Contact first MJ Palko, 121 Bedford St., N.Y. 10006.

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NEXT ISSUE!



What's next, you ask? How could we possibly top up our issue with the Wolfman, the Phantom, and an exclusive interview with Peter Cushing, you want to know? Well, it won't be easy, but we're gonna do it anyway. To kick off TMT '75, we have a Number devoted to THE VALLEY OF GRANDE, in which the cowboys meet the monsters and the most ever who's ever been in the Valley. And we're gonna have Jim Munro's interview with Peter Cushing of THE RIVERSE PLANT MONSTERS series, in which he gets at the roots of the myriad vegetable monsters. They've been playing Grade B actors for all these many years.

Plus—an exciting TMT interview with the Master of Suspense, Alfred Hitchcock. Hitch graciously agreed to talk to one of our fewing fans and he discusses at length on the strange ideas currently passing and turning in that broodingly perverse mind of his. Also for horror film fans is a preview of the first black Dracula film, entitled BLACULA and produced by John Alton American International. The MONSTER OF PIEDRAS BLANCAS (heh?) will also be putting in a long overdue appearance. If you don't know who he is, well, this and countless other mysterious bare breasted and cosmic will be cleared up next issue.

Of course, they'll be another superstitious, biting article on VAMPIRES in the comics, and other surprises cooked up by the fewest minds of the genre at TMT! Could you afford not to buy this issue? We hardly answer you to consider that question. We'll keep the mystery of your heart of hearts until such time as you come up with the answer we want. Thank you.



GO APE, YOUNG MAN!

"Say, what's reading there, Peew?"

"Why, it's something called by the name of THE MONSTER TIMES, Son. Newsletter teller tells me she whole thing's about them monsters."

"Huh, I didn't know that, Peew."

"Peter says that this was the last copy on his stand, too! Says they sell in a manner more befitting hotcakes than newspapers. Says it was fancy! I got a hold of this issue 'fore he sold 'em all out!"

"Dude, I didn't know that, Peew."

"Say, the only way to be sure to get a hold of this issue is to subscribe" to these MONSTER TIMES tellers, which is just what I'm gonna do! Why, it's missed so much as a single issue of the THE MONSTER

TIMES, I swear I'd go ape!"

"Get, I didn't know that, Peew."

"Says all you gotta do is fill out this here coupon below... and to act right quick!"

"Dude, I didn't know that, Peew."

"That's on account of you're just a dumb ass, Son."

"Dude, I didn't know that, Peew."

"Fancy us, I mean, I mean, but we sales. Old Peew's absolutely right. Don't you think it's high time you go ape, young man, and make sure you get this single thrilling issue of THE MONSTER TIMES? Just fill out the coupon below and you're in for every bit of the biggest monster treat ever concocted, in this or any other world."

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I have appeared in
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Which one was it?